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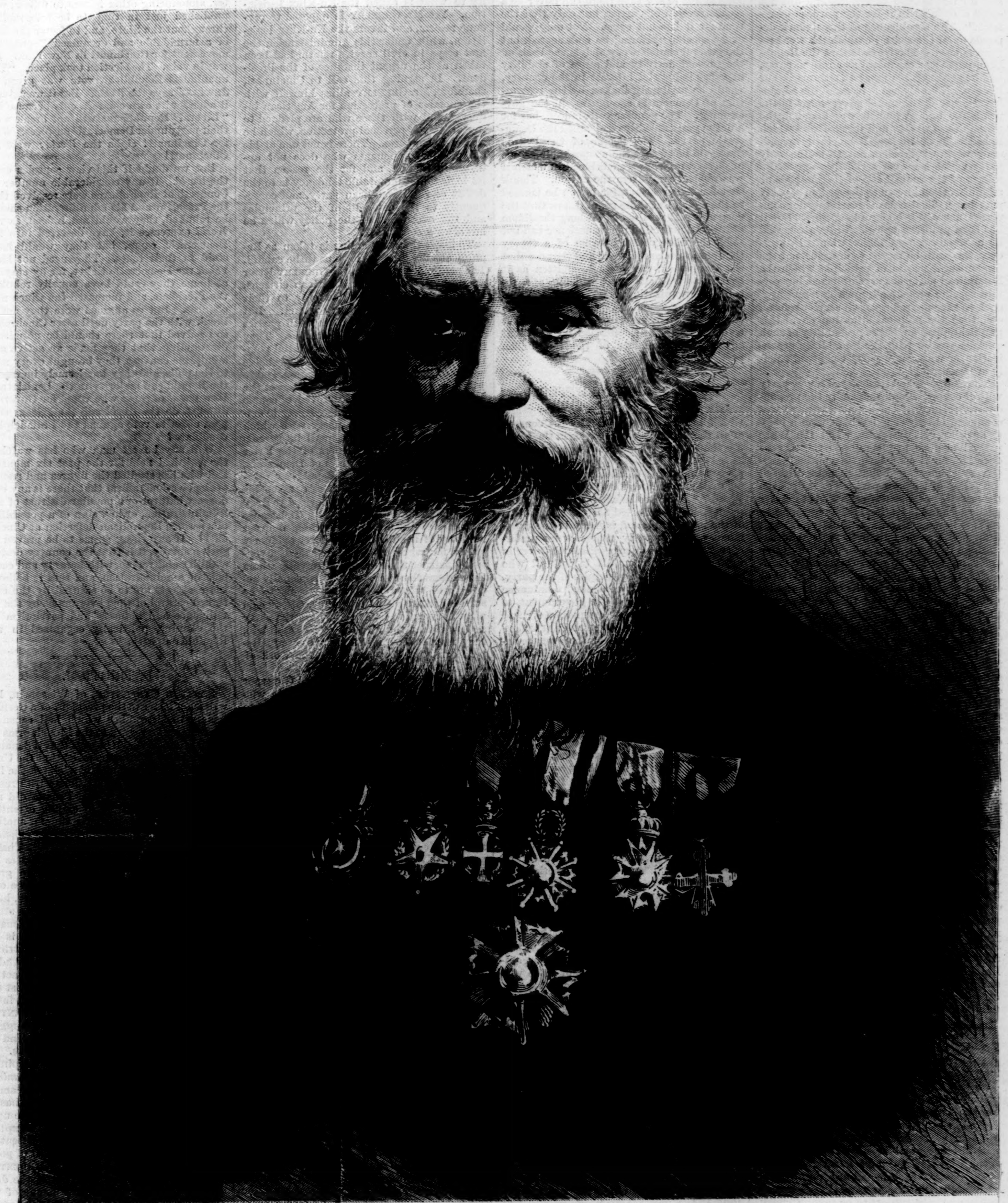


THE LATE SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, LL.D.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 311.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 20, 1872.

☞ With the next Number of Harper's Weekly the Publishers will send out gratuitously a Richly Illustrated Eight-page Supplement, containing a great variety of fresh and interesting reading matter.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND REFORM.

The *Nation* observes in a recent article that the Republican party "can not be turned into a reform party in the proper acceptation of the term, because a very large portion of its members are not reformers, and do not believe in reform, and did not enter it or labor in it for the purpose of reform." The significance of this remark depends upon the sense in which the word reform is used. The truth is that the Republican party was organized as a reform party, and has effected the greatest reforms in our history. Not only has it restored the administration of the national government to the principles upon which it was founded, the principles of liberty and justice, from which it had been under long Democratic ascendency wholly perverted, but it is the only party which has ever seriously suggested a reform of the radical evil of the methods of administration known as the system of party patronage. That reform is certainly not completed, nor will it be for a long time. But it has been proposed and it will be attempted by a Republican Administration. If, however, the word be meant to describe, not the fundamental reform of principle which the Republican party has accomplished, but certain specific measures known as "reforms," such as revenue reform, civil service reform, etc., then the political situation offers this practical question, Is the probability of such reforms greater with the Republican organization, or with a new party composed chiefly of Democrats?

The character and tendency of a new party will, of course, be determined by the preponderating element. The Republican party was composed chiefly of old Whigs, with a body of antislavery Democrats. But the Whig party had gone to pieces upon the slavery question, for it contained the political antislavery element, and that element directed the policy of the new party. Now does the Democratic party contain the seed of greater purity of administration? The question in politics is generally an alternative. Shall I, upon the whole, promote the public advantage more by voting for this candidate or for that? Do the general character, tendencies, traditions, purposes, of this party or of that promise most for the country and its welfare? Granting that there is here and there an unworthy officer of the government, is it the rule that unfit men are appointed? Granting that this or that measure is a mistake, is the general course of the Administration erroneous and perilous? These, and such as these, are the questions which every voter should ask. It is, of course, the business of papers and orators in the opposition to magnify single acts and to represent exceptions as the rule. But that is not the desire nor the conduct of independent and patriotic men.

Those, therefore, who wish to see the accomplishment of certain specific reforms will ask whether they are more probable from a new party, constituted as it must now be, or from the Republican party. And the first thing that will be observed is that the success of such a new party implies the defeat and destruction of the Republican organization. In the present condition of the country is such a result desirable? In regard to the Cincinnati Republicans and others we wish to utter no invidious comparisons, or expressions, or suspicions. The motives of Mr. Sumner, Mr. Schurz, and Mr. Greeley may be fairly supposed to be as pure as those of the adherents of the Philadelphia Convention. But is there a single object which they have at heart—except some personal preference which is unworthy to be named in such a discussion—which they really believe is more attainable by a Democratic alliance than by the Republican organization?

It is true that parties change, and that a man is not to be forever condemned or avoided because he has been a supporter of false principles and a fatal policy. But if this is urged as an argument for a new party, the reply is very obvious and conclusive. It is not four years since those with whom the new alliance must be made, and who will furnish its working force to administer the laws of reconstruction and of recognition of equal rights, declared the whole Republican policy upon the subject to be revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void. Did they believe what they said? If they did not, are they, the same men, to be trusted now? If they did believe it, but have now acquiesced in what they opposed, are they safer men to administer those laws than the men who made them, and who believe in them? We speak of what these men said four years ago. But in this very session of Congress, Senators Sumner and Schurz have seen the steady disinclination of the Democratic Senators to concede the protection of equal civil rights; and regularly every Monday in the House the representatives of those who are to form the new alliance with Mr. Greeley successfully baffle by filibustering every effort to secure complete equality of rights to all citizens.

If, then, it were true that the Republican party could not be turned into a reform party, are the prospects of reform any more promising from the practical union of a few Republicans with the Democratic party? This is not to say that there can never be a reconstruction of parties, but only that the time for it has not come. Not only would every specific "reform" be endangered, but the general confidence, which is the basis of the present activity and sense of stability in every industrial interest in the country, would be perilously shaken by the restoration of Democratic ascendency in the government. The popular vote, indeed, has for a dozen years steadily condemned the Democratic party. The people of the United States do not forget the unspeakable shame of slavery, nor the precious blood in which it was washed away from the nation. Thank God for that instinct, for it can be trusted to the end. But those people know that the deep and real results of that long thralldom of the national mind and conscience can not safely be disregarded because of a theory that old issues are settled; and they see that the Democratic party, sorely smitten as it is, and, as we believe, unto death, still retains its organization, and disputes the control of the government. Can *that* party be turned to a reform party, even although it could elect an old Republican for President against the candidate of the Republican party?

THE GREELEY LETTER.

In accordance with a usage of many years, which has been sanctioned by the consent of all the great political parties in the country, the National Republican Committee has called a convention of representatives of the party to meet in Philadelphia in June, and nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, to be supported by the Republicans of the United States. The call is of the usual kind, and is made in the usual manner. It properly expresses no preference, and makes no suggestion whatever in regard to candidates. It invites all who sympathize with the principles of the party, and who desire their continued dominance in the administration of the government, to unite in the support of the candidates; and the call is signed by William Claflin, of Massachusetts, chairman, and by every member of the committee except Mr. Horace Greeley, the member for New York. It is evident that, under the recognized conditions of party action, Republican ascendency can only be maintained by the general support of the nominations of the Convention by Republicans; for unity is indispensable, and unity would be lost if there were a dozen Republican conventions and candidates.

The call being issued without a word in it which in any manner could fairly alienate a single sincere Republican, and the Republican Conventions of many States having ratified it by the election of delegates who have generally been instructed to support the renomination of the President, Mr. Greeley, who had declined to sign the call of the committee, has now signed another call to another convention, which the Democratic press truly says will be significant only as it diverts votes from the Philadelphia candidate. Mr. Greeley and his friends call themselves Republicans, and declare that they depart from the ordinary party methods because they believe the Republican organization to be under the control of those who will use it chiefly for personal purposes. This means, as is well known, that it is believed the Republican Convention will renominate the President. Yet it will not do it unless he be the choice of the party; and if a majority of the Republicans of the country prefer him as the candidate, how can a man claim to be in the usual party sense a Republican who insists that a Democratic success is preferable to the President's reelection?

The terms of the New York reply to the invitation to Cincinnati show that the Cincinnati Convention is not intended to influence that at Philadelphia, for the action at Philadelphia is declared to be a foregone conclusion. And it is undoubtedly evident that if the party is now improperly controlled, that control will continue at Philadelphia. The acceptance of the Cincinnati invitation is, therefore, a withdrawal from Philadelphia. If it means any thing whatever, it is that Mr. Greeley and his associates will do what they can to defeat the action of the regular Republican Convention, which they declare to be managed, not for the public welfare, but for personal purposes. But the Philadelphia action can be successfully opposed only by an alliance of Mr. Greeley and his associates, calling themselves Republicans, with those who are not Republicans. Would Mr. Greeley and his friends call the victory of such an alliance a Republican victory? If not, their success must be a Republican defeat; and therefore it is not easy to see for what good reason they lay stress upon the party name.

The letter of Mr. Greeley and his friends is in response to the Missouri invitation. That invitation has three chief points: revenue reform, civil service reform, and hostility to what is called the Ku-Klux legislation. Yet Mr. Greeley is opposed to revenue reform, and favors the Ku-Klux legislation, while under this Administration the first steps in civil service reform had been taken at the urgent instance of the President. In signing this call to Cincinnati, therefore, Mr. Greeley allies himself with the enemies of protection for American industry, and with those who are pledged to repeal laws of personal protection, which he zealously supports. There is not one of his old political opponents who does not applaud his action, and for the reason that its logical and inevitable tendency is to the defeat of the Republican party, and consequently to the discredit of the principles and the overthrow of the policy which he has always sustained.

To insist that this action is taken as Republicans does not seem to us to be candid. The gentlemen who sign the Greeley letter are, indeed, independent American citizens, who are finally responsible only to their own consciences for their conduct. But they are all peculiarly familiar with parties and party methods and conditions. They know that on the eve of a Presidential nomination to denounce in advance the probable action of their own party Convention, and to join in a movement which the leaders of the other party have warmly approved, of course for their own purposes, is necessarily to embarrass and confuse the party with which they have acted, and to imperil its success in the election. The signers of the letter may protest that they are not Democrats, that they have rejected no Republican principles, and that nobody, merely upon his theory of their action, is authorized to deny them the Republican name. But if, because they do not like a candidate whom the vast majority of the Republican party evidently prefer, for whom Republican State Conventions instruct their delegates to vote, whom the signers themselves do not personally accuse, and whose nomination seems to be sure—if, in this situation, these gentlemen do what they can to baffle the will of the party and to defeat the election of its candidate, they may, indeed, insist that they are Republicans, but they are doing the work of the Democratic party.

When Mr. Seymour was elected Governor of New York in 1862 there were those who said that they supported him as a rebuke to the sloth of Mr. Lincoln's administration. But had every State rebuked it in the same way, the rebellion would have triumphed. The gentlemen who go to Cincinnati intimate that they wish a more truly Republican administration. But like those votes for Mr. Seymour, if their effort could succeed, it would only be by the defeat of the Republican party, and the consequent delight of every enemy of the Union and the government. We do not insinuate that this is the purpose of their action, for we know that it is not, but we do say that such would be its inevitable result.

ANOTHER MORAL.

"The Republican party of Connecticut was never more thoroughly united than in the contest which has just ended." These were the words of the New York *World* on the day after the late election. They are, of course, true; and what is the moral? The *World* says that the Democrats trusted the Liberal or Cincinnati Republicans, and so leaned upon a broken reed. No, it was not a broken reed, for it was no reed at all. It is impossible to see any sign of Republican strength in the movement to divide the party. There are a few leaders, some of them conspicuous, but there is no sign of following. Look even at the Greeley letter. The State of New York has been fiercely torn by a feud in the party, and nowhere have the lines of Administration and anti-Administration Republicans been so sharply drawn. The difference has been as angry as such a difference can be. Yet all the leaders who are willing to pronounce themselves plainly for Cincinnati have signed the Greeley letter. There are excellent and honorable names among them. But is it an imposing and significant array? To those who are familiar with New York politics is the letter with its signatures really impressive? Does it carry the conviction of being an earnest and powerful protest upon grounds of high principle? We are told, indeed, by the *Tribune* that other similar letters will soon follow. They will be awaited with curiosity and interest.

Then look at Connecticut. It is always a very close State. There were four tickets. A Republican success was sure to be interpreted as an approval of the Administration. The defection of a very few Republican votes would have defeated the ticket. The Democrats had adopted the vital declarations of the Cincinnati movement. The New York *Tribune*, the chief organ of that movement, betrayed, in our judgment, the Republican cause in Connecticut; and the Greeley letter, announcing other letters to follow, was published just in time to be telegraphed throughout the State, and to foster the idea of a formidable and organized Republican movement for Cincinnati in New York. All was in vain. The election took place. "The unanimous Republican vote was given to Jewell," says the *World*. But it was given, it adds for its own comfort, only because the "Liberal" Republicans will not break with their party under Democratic auspices. Wait for Cincinnati! sighs the *World*; wait for Cincinnati!

But we doubt if this view consoles even the *World*. If any considerable number of Connecticut Republicans were resolved that the President and his administration should be rebuked, they would not, indeed, as the *World* expresses it, have deserted into the Democratic camp, but they would have staid in their tents. They need not have voted the Democratic ticket, for by staying at home they could have equally rebuked the President, and increased the Cincinnati chances. But so anxious were they not to break with the party until after Cincinnati, so resolved that there should be no misunderstanding, that they made an active and admirable canvass, they brought every man to the polls, and they handsomely increased the Republican majority in the Legislature. How many of those who voted for Governor Jewell do the *World* and the *Tribune* suppose mean to vote against the Philadelphia candidate?

Will any honest man who has watched the political field for the past six months, and who has studied the figures and results of the elections, affirm that there is any evidence whatever of a popular distrust of the Administration, or any sign of a possibility of a serious Republican defection at Cincinnati? If any thing seems to be proved by such a survey, it is that the country desires stability and repose, with honesty and economy of administration, and that it believes those objects are to be secured by the continued control of the government by the intelligence and industry and patriotism of the country, politically organized in the Republican party.

PATRIOTISM.

Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, has written a letter to the president of a German society in Milwaukee which had censured his remarks in regard to the French arms investigation, in which he says that if Senators Sumner and Schurz believed that the United States Government had violated the law of nations or treaty stipulations with Prussia in the sale of arms, yet, if Prussia did not complain, the Senators in calling attention to the subject "were contending for another country against our own, which was substantially treason against our country." That is to say, if a Senator of the United States believes that his country has done a gross wrong, he is to say nothing until some other nation arraigns it; and if he does, he is virtually a traitor. But even more stringent political moralists than the Senator have held that when your country is arraigned or attacked it is your patriotic duty to defend her at all hazards. And it is undoubtedly true that the noblest act of Mr. Corwin's career, his speech against the Mexican war, was politically the most fatal. Therefore, according to Senator Carpenter, patriotism requires a citizen not to suggest his country's fault himself, and to defend his country when it is suggested by others.

We have already expressed our opinion of this French arms question. Its *animus* was necessarily suspicious; the preamble was a great error, and the inquiry has in our judgment disclosed neither offense upon the part of the Government nor corruption in any of its officers. But the investigation itself has little to do with the point of political morals raised by Senator Carpenter. That point is, in effect, that it is the duty of any member of the Government of the United States to be silent in regard to any

international offense, however flagrant, which that Government may commit, provided attention is not called to it by a foreigner. And it is a corollary that, having condoned it by silence, he must defend it when exposed. But every member of the Government acts, of course, in the name of the people. He must, therefore, it seems to us, assume that the people are honest and faithful to their duties. He must assume that every one of them would individually scorn a base action, an evasion, or a violation of duty; and if individually, then collectively. Senator Carpenter's Milwaukee letter says, in effect, that if the people of the United States are knaves, but have not yet been found out, the citizen who raises the question is substantially a traitor.

The Senator is aware that we have all heard that kind of remark before. We remember very well those who were held to account in denouncing slavery and the Fugitive Slave bill before foreigners for fouling their own nest. They were accused of holding up their country to scorn. We did not agree with that kind of reasoning then, nor do we now. We did not think that those who denounced the Mexican war were less patriotic than those who supported it; nor did the "Whereas war exists by the act of the Mexican government" help the matter. When Burns was sent back, every honorable American citizen was disgraced. For if the Government does wrong, every good citizen suffers. And if good citizens hold their peace, the Government will properly consider the wrong to be justified.

There are not different rules of honor for private and public conduct. If a citizen can not properly break his word in his private affairs, neither can he as a public officer. No one would more readily assent to such a proposition than the Secretary of War, nor has this inquiry left the least suspicion upon his conduct. But had he been as base a traitor as Floyd, would it have been treason in a Senator, who thought there were reasons to inquire, to move an inquiry? Or is it only when foreigners are concerned that the rule is applicable? Senator Carpenter is clearly wrong. That man is the patriot who is as jealous of his country's honor as of his own, and who, if he honestly think he sees a spot, is swift to remove it before another can point it out. Lord Chatham was never more a patriot than when, in the midst of the war upon the colonies waged by his Government, he declared that if England succeeded she would fall upon her own sword. John Bright was never more truly an Englishman than when in the darkest hour of the rebellion, when his country was its naval base, he exclaimed, "I regret more than I have words to express this painful fact, that of all the countries in Europe this country is the only one which has men in it who are willing to take steps in favor of this intended slave government. We supply the ships; we supply the arms, the munitions of war; we give aid and comfort to the foulest of crimes. Englishmen only do it." His friend Richard Cobden, addressing the Government's majority, said, "You have been carrying on war from these shores with the United States." Was his charge any more or less honorable and patriotic because we said the same thing?

In the French arms investigation the *animus*, as we have said, was necessarily doubtful, and the method was mistaken; but to censure it upon the ground that it is substantially treason to inquire into an international offense which is believed to exist, but which has not been pointed out by the foreign power concerned, is a proposition so preposterous that it should be universally exposed. In what way and in what spirit we are to serve our country, Shakespeare makes the broken-hearted cardinal tell us:

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's."

GENERAL LONGSTREET.

While a great deal was said in the beginning of General Grant's administration about kindness and conciliation toward the late enemies of the government, the President showed his feeling by nominating General Longstreet as Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans. There can be no doubt that there was no man in the rebel army more respected by his opponents than General Longstreet; and when the arbitration of arms had decided against his cause he did not sulk, or whine, or bluster, but he honorably acquiesced in the result of the appeal which he had supported. Whatever his theories may have been, he acknowledged that the only final tribunal had decided the question; and had the spirit of his conduct been that of the other conspicuous leaders of the rebellion, the happy restoration of national peace would long ago have been accomplished.

The action of the President was approved by the best and most patriotic public opinion. Those who hoped for a vindictive policy from him were disappointed; and while the party that elected him saw that he cherished no revenge, they knew also that he would be betrayed into no follies of sentimentality or mere theory in the treatment of the question of the proper policy toward the late enemies of the Union. But the surviving rebel sentiment in the Southern States, and the steady Democratic sympathy with it in the Northern States, spent themselves in contempt and reviling of General Longstreet. There has been nothing more pitiful since the war closed than the sneering tone of the Democratic papers toward General Longstreet, as if he had betrayed some cause, or were in some manner dishonorable or blameworthy, because, almost alone among his associates in the rebel army, he frankly and honorably, not evasively, nor sneakingly, nor defiantly, accepted the situation. The papers that babbled of Lee as "a Christian gentleman," and which welcomed Wade Hampton as a leader of their political convention, had only taunts for Longstreet, and for every Southern man who wished cordially to co-operate in reconstruction.

With such feelings among his old associates and such a tone in their party organs, it is not to be supposed that the official position of General Longstreet has been a bed of roses. The Republican party itself also has been angrily divided in Louisiana, and a political quarrel which nobody very well understands has been long raging in New Orleans. General Longstreet at last resigned. We do not understand that there was the least dissatisfaction with him as an officer, nor any hint that his resignation was desired. He resigned, and it was instantly declared that he, too, was opposed to the President, and that there was a letter to somebody which would show—all that a hostile fancy desired. But the letter has been published, and it is entirely friendly to the President, and approves his administration. Indeed, as the opinion of a man who represents the Southern sentiment which has honestly accepted the results of the contest, it is well worthy consideration. Here is the letter:

"New Orleans, *March* 23, 1872.

"*Senator W. P. Kellogg, Washington, D. C.*:

"Dear Sir,—Your esteemed favor upon the relative merits of questions that should influence the voice of the people in the approaching canvass, and the leaders who should be chosen as their representatives, finds me in poor condition for a very satisfactory reply. I have been content to occupy a humble position in the party, and have been so closely confined to Louisiana that I fear to attempt to look beyond its borders in forming opinions or making suggestions.

"The great question in this quarter is the problem of reconstruction, and I am inclined to think that it is the most important national question. It is hardly worth our time, at this late day, to ask whether the reconstruction laws are the wisest that could have been devised. They are laws, and have been sufficiently tested to convince us that their faithful administration will lead to the results anticipated by those who were instrumental in their enactment. I think it better, therefore, to adhere to the original plan than to start off upon some other theory that may lead us into new difficulties, and possibly to disastrous confusion.

"Our financial affairs are in such favorable condition, and are so dependent upon comfortable reconstruction, that we may assume the solution of the first problem as deciding this also.

"Our reconstruction is one of the weightiest jobs that was ever saddled upon a government; even more difficult than the effort of Prussia to reconstruct Elsass and Lorraine. For with the latter it is an affair of a lifetime; with us but four years are allotted to the task, unless the people have that patience and forbearance that are necessary to give to time its healing and salutary influence. Had President Lincoln lived, it is probable that he would have encountered as great difficulties as President Johnson, and with as little success. Yet I would not like to say that they were not as able political statesmen as any of their day. Upon the advent of the present Administration the responsibility of previous failure was added to the already momentous undertaking. It is evident that the duty of the times has been met with a spirit of good faith, and has been as successfully met and discharged as we should expect in so limited time.

"There was a time when I had serious doubts of the possibility of success, but the law was before us, and we had no course to pursue except under its mandates. I think that it has been faithfully executed—so much so that in some instances it is said to have been done with severe justice. I have said before that we have reason to hope that we shall have successful reconstruction. I believe that this is due to the firm hand of the present Administration. Will it not be better, then, to forego the exercise of our good privilege of a quadrennial change of Administration, when we see and feel and almost realize that our future will not be left in doubt?

"Then, again, the personal claims of the President are very great. All things considered, I am constrained to say that I think the people owe it to themselves and to the President to return him to the office that he has filled so well and with such entire good faith.

"I remain, very respectfully and truly yours,

"James Longstreet."

PERSONAL.

Mr. George W. Childs was recently offered the presidency of the new Association of Printers, Publishers, and Authors, of Philadelphia; but he modestly declined, saying that he approved of the objects of the organization, and would present them with a building suitable for their wants, if they would accept it. Mr. Childs's principal occupation seems to be giving away houses and coupons to societies and individuals, and pensioning off all the people with whom he has had pleasant social or business relations.

—A letter from Washington to a La Crosse paper expresses the belief that "Mr. Speaker Blaine is as sure to be elected President of the United States in 1876 as that the clock strikes the hour." That is some time ahead; but Mr. Blaine can wait. He is only forty-two, and has as many elements of popularity and strength as any public man in New England. As presiding officer of the House he is one of the best who have occupied that position.

—An English gentleman who has been on a visit to Cardinal Antonelli found him in a tiny, comfortably fitted study, lighted only by a silver table-lamp. The writing-table, strewn with papers, had no other ornament than a full-length image of the Virgin some eighteen inches high. On the wall was a small but excellent copy of Murillo's "Immaculate Conception." In person he is slight, and his habit of stooping makes him look shorter than he really is. His complexion is sallow, and his black eyes, full of vivacity and fire, thick eyebrows, aquiline nose, and broad mouth, are all indicative of power and energy. His manner is remarkably cordial, and he has the habit of laying his hand on the arm of the person addressed whenever he grows specially interested in the subject of discussion.

—General Belknap, Secretary of War, was among the first to give the idea and plan of establishing the system of storm signals now brought to such high practical value by the Signal Bureau.

—Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, is just in his prime—forty-seven. At eighteen he went from his home in New Hampshire to Boston, and learned the currier's trade, and while in Boston familiarized himself with telegraphy, and became a rapid operator. Subsequently he went West to superintend the construction of new lines. In 1850, with his father, he established himself in the leather business in Hartford, where he has since resided. He is a man of fine presence, a good speaker, and possesses superior executive talent.

—John Brougham is said to have written over one hundred plays, not one of which has failed to be a practical success on the stage.

—The late Dr. Dean, of Franklin, Massachusetts, endowed the Dean Academy, bearing his name, with $250,000 during his life, and "remembered" it in his will to the extent of $300,000 more.

—Mr. Harper, owner of "Longfellow," is to have a worthy competitor for the Monmouth Cup at Long Branch this season—no less a one than the English horse "Sterling," who is said to be the fastest animal in the world. He is to be shipped from England for the express purpose of encountering "Longfellow." Mr. Harper had resolved that his famous horse should never again run for money, but has finally consented. The heat, two and a half miles, is regarded as especially favorable for him, and horsemen believe that with that distance he can beat any horse in the world. Colonel Tom Scott has agreed to run an express train from Mr. H.'s stable in Kentucky to Long Branch without change of cars. A good box stall is to be fitted up with all modern improvements, and thus cared for he will come on, accompanied by "Uncle John."

—One of the Astor family has recently presented to the Astor Library a valuable autograph letter, which cost $700, relating to the discovery of America. Speaking of this family—a son of Mr. John Jacob Astor, a young gentleman not yet of age, we believe, is said to have developed a fine talent for sculpture, and is heartily encouraged in his aspirations by his parents. How pleasant if this young gentleman could realize his ambition, and to great fortune add great fame as an artist!

—Lord Dufferin, the new Governor-General of Canada, is just in his prime—forty-six. He was born in Florence, and educated at Eton and Oxford. His mother, a granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was the author of the world-renowned ballad, "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant." To his abilities as a public man he adds a fair reputation as an author, and is likely to prove a popular executive in the Dominion.

—A few days ago a very nice gentleman and Democrat of Connecticut, known as Mr. Hubbard, made a small though unsatisfactory experiment at being Governor of Connecticut. Not long since, the story goes, a committee of Connecticut River fishermen addressed a letter to each of the rival candidates for Governor to ascertain their views on the law relating to pound-fishing. Governor Jewell responded promptly, saying plainly what he could and would do in reference to the matter. Mr. Hubbard (not exactly an ex-Governor, but an ex-pectant) was equally explicit in the declaration of his views, but supposing he had been applied to as a lawyer, with the written opinion which he sent to the fishermen he inclosed a bill of thirty dollars for professional services. As Lord Dundreary says, "Now no fellow could understand *that*."

—Like Colonel Jabez Weatherwax, of Rhode Island, the Tycoon of Japan is becoming "an admirer of the milingtery." On the 24th of January he was present at a review of a portion of the troops stationed at Yedo. He was on horseback, and began the review by riding down the lines, accompanied by a large staff, after the manner of foreign sovereigns. He then went to a tent prepared for him, and from thence watched the manœuvres.

—Mr. Walter, proprietor of the London *Times*, has a second son, who resides in Colorado. Although his father is a millionaire and a baronet, the son seems to be content with the honors and emoluments of a stock raiser.

—"Cornelius O'Dowd" (Charles Lever) says, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, that "a lord has lost considerably of his power as an exciting and tonic agent" in America.

—Mr. Bass, the great English brewer, whose pale ale runs down the throats of fifty millions of people, recently told the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when the brewers' deputation waited upon him, that he (Bass) paid to the government $450,000 a year in the shape of brewer's license, for which he got not one penny back. Upon this the London *Morning News* sharply comments as follows: "When we find a Buxton dying under fifty and leaving personalty alone (besides large estates) to the extent of $1,250,000, and when we find a Bass a millionaire, albeit he gives away to the Chancellor of the Exchequer $450,000 a year, the public will hardly be brought to believe that the condition of the brewer is very hard."

—Dr. Hartwell Carver, of Pittsford, New York, was thirty years ago an enthusiast about a railway to the Pacific, and long devoted his energies exclusively to that project. Feeling that others reaped the harvest of his sowing, he has erected in Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester, in advance of his death, a monument, costing $8,500, setting forth that Dr. Carver is descended from John Carver, who came over in the *Mayflower* in 1620; that he was the father of the Pacific Railroad; that he spent years in endeavoring to impress upon the minds of his countrymen the possibility of the accomplishment of that great work; and that he lived to see his scheme adopted and practically carried out.

—The late Captain Richard Adams, for many years the well-known and popular commander of the Havana steamship *Morro Castle*, was a splendid specimen of a seaman of the old school. Bred to the sea before the general introduction of ocean steam travel, he had the bluff, hearty manners of a true sailor, combined with the natural courtesy that springs from a warm and generous heart. His frank, open face, browned and seamed by years of buffeting with wind and wave, his sturdy form, and firm voice of command, which could soften into friendly greeting, will long be missed by those who had the good fortune to claim his acquaintance and his friendship.

—The name of Mr. Carl Rosa will be held in grateful remembrance by the opera-loving public of New York, who, but for his sagacity and tact in carrying out the scheme which he originated for the most brilliant combination of musical talent ever witnessed in this or any other city, would have missed the rare enjoyment afforded by the association of such artists as Parepa-Rosa, Miss Phillips, Wachtel, and Santley in one troupe. Mr. Rosa has also contributed largely to the pleasure of the crowded audiences at the Academy by the skillful, firm, and delicate hand with which he conducted the orchestra.

—The private fortune of the British Queen is conceded to be somewhere in the neighborhood of $200,000,000. "Thar or tharabouts."

—The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop has in his house in Boston a good old clock which was made for Governor John Winthrop two hundred and fifty years ago, when he was Colonial Governor of Massachusetts.

—Among the coming men in Parliament who are regarded as possible Prime Ministers, is Mr. W. E. Forster, an eminent Dissenter. He is fifty-four years old—ten years younger than Gladstone—and his rise has been rapid. His father was an eminent Quaker philanthropist, and the son is eminently respectable, solid, rich, and well connected. He has that dry, ponderous, prosaic way of talking, and that steady good humor, which the House of Commons loves; a large man, with a big, broad head and powerful frame, a bold traveler and Alpine climber, and unfailingly courteous to the Commons.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In the House of Representatives, April 1, a bill was passed repealing all laws giving portions of fines and penalties to informers in internal revenue cases. A resolution was adopted in the House, April 3, declaring the Senate amendment to the House bill repealing the duties on tea and coffee unconstitutional. In the Senate the resolution was regarded as extraordinary, and was laid over and ordered to be printed. The Ways and Means Committee of the House agreed, April 4, to report a bill fixing the uniform tax of twenty cents per pound on all classes of tobacco, and to consolidate the tax on distilled spirits at sixty-five cents per gallon. The President has signed the act enabling honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, or their widows and orphans, to acquire homesteads on the public lands.

The Connecticut State election, April 1, was carried by the Republicans. The following, among others, were chosen to office: Governor, Marshall Jewell; Lieutenant-Governor, Morris Tyler; Secretary of State, Hiram Appelman; Treasurer, David P. Nichols; Controller, James W. Manning.

Government investigations which have been going on for three years past have at length revealed gigantic frauds in the whisky business, by which millions of dollars have been withheld from the revenue of the country. A number of indictments have been found by the Grand Jury, and several of the accused parties have been arrested and held for trial.

The public debt was reduced $15,000,000 during March.

A petition against the cession of Goat Island to the Central Pacific Railroad Company, signed by 24,420 citizens of San Francisco, has been presented to Congress.

Generals Sheridan and Auger have been instructed by the War Department to use extraordinary efforts to put a stop to the raids of Mexicans in Texas.

The Rhode Island State election took place April 3, and resulted in the success of all the Republican candidates except the Lieutenant-Governor.

The Legislature of the proposed State of Deseret met for the first time April 5, and elected a President and Speaker.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A very large meeting was held recently in the city of Rome, under the very nose of the Pope, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Italian Bible Society. The company was very distinguished, and consisted of a large number of Roman ladies, many members of Parliament, the President of the Italian Senate, Count Mamiani, the Grand Duke of Nassau and his suit, etc. The chair was occupied by Admiral Fishbourne, who spoke strongly in favor of the free propagation of the Bible. Addresses were also made by Mr. Ribetti, Mr. Bruce, Father Hyacinthe, and Father Gavazzi in behalf of the same object. The speakers were loudly cheered not only by those within the building, but also by the multitude who had gathered in the outer square.

President Thiers has abandoned his proposal to transfer the seat of government to Paris.

A treaty offensive and defensive has been made between Salvador and Guatemala, and Jesuits in any character are interdicted.

Lord Dufferin, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, has been nominated to the Governor-Generalship of Canada.

The elections for members of the Spanish electoral college, who are to choose Senators and Deputies of the Cortes, took place April 3. Madrid was carried by the anti-ministeralists.

Señor Sagasta has been returned to the Spanish Cortes.

A contract to lay a cable from Lisbon to Brazil, by way of Madeira and the Cape Verde Islands, has been signed by the Portuguese government and the Telegraphic Maintenance and Construction Company.

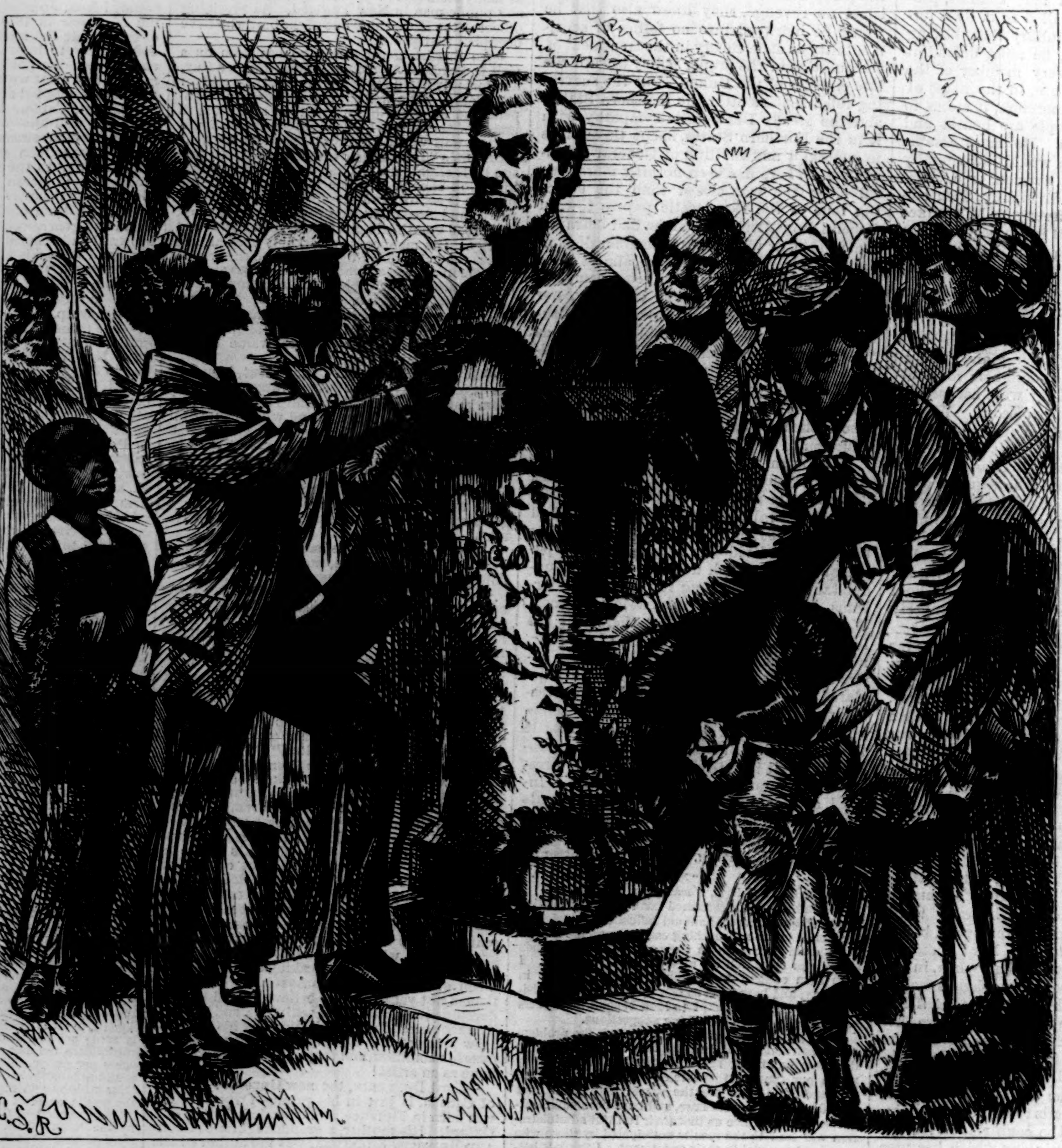
Mr. Disraeli delivered a speech at Manchester, April 4, in which he condemned the course of the Gladstone ministry, and admitted that it was impossible for America to recede from her position in regard to the *Alabama* claims. He thought ministerial incompetence would be sealed by the ultimate acknowledgment of the principle of indirect claims, the results whereof must be fraught with the utmost danger to England.

An unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the Mikado of Japan has been made by a party of twelve persons in Yedo.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The 3d of April, the anniversary of the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, was celebrated by our colored fellow-citizens throughout the country. In this city the display was remarkably fine; the procession contained over 3000 persons, and the streets were thronged by interested spectators. Among the most noticeable features was the Colfax Club, the members of which were handsomely dressed, and mounted on fine horses. The largest organization was the Saloon Men's Association, who mustered in great force, and immediately became the cynosure of all eyes, and were heartily cheered. The Willett Pioneer Club was also a feature in the procession. The members wore tall bear-skin hats. There was a large wagon draped with American flags, drawn by four horses, in which were seated fifteen little girls tastefully dressed in blue and white. The tallest stood in the centre and represented the Goddess of Liberty. A large escort of police accompanied the procession along the whole route; but the rowdy element in our population has learned that all classes of citizens are under the protection of our laws; and there was no necessity to repeat the lesson. The procession had an undisturbed march through the streets, and made an excellent impression.

As the procession passed Union Square the statues of Washington and Lincoln were reverently saluted. It was a noticeable coincidence that the funeral of General Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, should have taken place the same day.



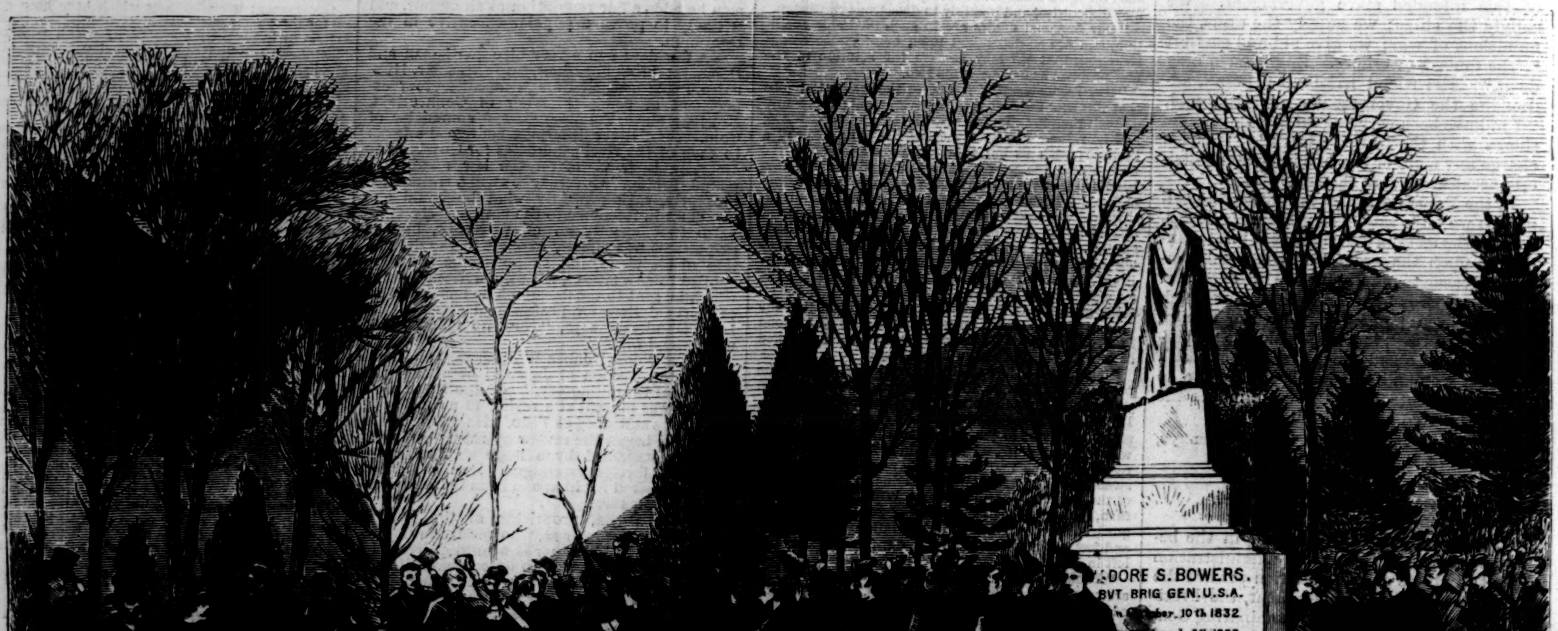
LINCOLN, THE EMANCIPATOR.—[Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.]

LAST HONORS.

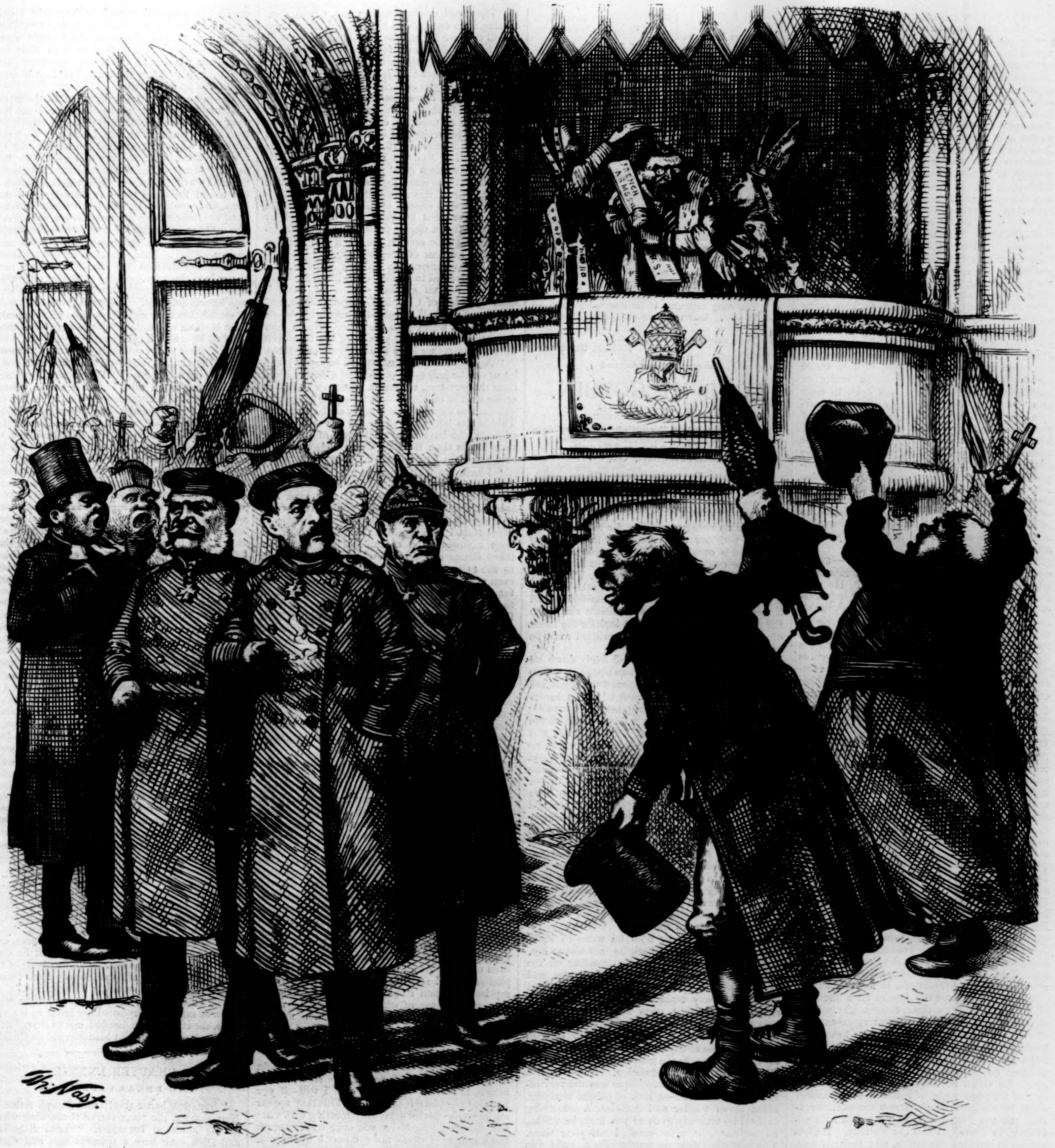
The interment of General Robert Anderson, whose defense of Fort Sumter was the opening scene in the war of the rebellion, took place at West Point on the 3d of April. Our readers will remember that the General died October 26, 1871, at Nice, whither he had gone in search of health.

The body was taken early in the morning from the Marble Cemetery, in New York, and borne to the steamer *Henry Smith*. The coffin was placed on an artillery caisson, and covered with the old flag which waved over Fort Sumter during the bombardment. A large military and civil escort accompanied the remains to the steamer. The services at West Point were destitute of all display. By the express orders of the Secretary of War, not a gun was fired over his grave and not a cadet was visible. A few solemn words were spoken by the post chaplain, and after a brief prayer the remains of the faithful soldier were consigned to their final resting-place, a quiet, unostentatious funeral, befitting the life of modest, unassuming duty which he had led.

Out of the nine commissioned officers who were with General Anderson at the bombardment of Fort Sumter, there are now but five left, of whom Generals Crawford, Davis, Bomford, and Foster were present at the funeral; the other, General Abner Doubleday, is now absent on duty in Texas. Sergeant Peter Hart, who distinguished himself at Fort Sumter by nailing the flag to the mast after it had been shot away, was also among the mourners.



THE BURIAL OF THE LATE GENERAL ANDERSON AT THE WEST POINT CEMETERY.—[Drawn by Stanley Fox.]



"SEE, WHERE HIS GRACE STANDS 'TWEEN TWO CLERGYMEN!"—Shakspeare's Richard III.

"The Catholics and Particularists are overjoyed because of the curious debate in the Senate of the United States.... BISMARCK declares now that the matter was really of no consequence whatever, and his organs here have published soothing articles on the subject.... In regard to CARL SCHURZ, it is exceedingly amusing to witness the extraordinary respect and admiration which the organs of the Clerical Party have suddenly conceived for him, now that they can use his testimony against Prince BISMARCK.... The Berlin *Germania* (the organ of the German Ultramontanes) even calls CARL SCHURZ, whom it formerly professed to detest, 'the noblest representative of Germany in America.'"—*Berlin Correspondence of the Breslau* (*Silesia*) *Gazette.*

CARL SCHURZ AND HIS JESUIT ADMIRERS.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

IT can scarcely seem a source of gratification to the American people that the recent action of several of their Senators has awakened anew the dying hopes of the reactionists of Europe. The papal journals salute with unaccustomed applause the transatlantic orators. Little could they have thought to have found their most important allies in the American Senate—at least on the Republican side. Yet in that great combat which BISMARCK is waging for the unity of Germany, freedom of thought, the instruction of the people—in that new and brilliant onset which he has ventured upon the priestly strongholds of ignorance and folly in his championship of the German free schools against the relentless bigotry of pope and priests—a most dangerous blow has been dealt him from an unlooked-for quarter. The unfounded and even preposterous charges of sympathy with France made by American Senators against their own government—the baseless suspicions of a discontented faction—have been seized upon by the German papers hostile to the great minister, and made the grounds of a political attack. They assume the truth of the American calumnies, magnified by distance: they claim that BISMARCK knew yet overlooked the offense—that he did not venture to complain. Jesuit journals sound over Germany the praises of CARL SCHURZ; the papal faction demands the dismissal of BISMARCK; the papal bishops once more aspire to rule over education; and sanguine France begins to meditate new raids across the Rhine.

Were our unlucky Senators the hired agents of the French government or the French embassy, they could hardly have served the cause of France more successfully—have inflicted more serious injury upon the prospects of German progress. To furnish the weapon with which to wound the reputation or shake the power of that bold leader of liberal thought whose vigorous policy dethroned the Pope and the Napoleonic dynasty; to rouse anew the hopes of Romish traitors and Jesuit colleges; to give aid and comfort to all the members of that reactionary faction which would excite civil war in Germany, invite a new French invasion in order to lay their native land, divided and bleeding, at the feet of a revengeful Church—is a course of policy that can commend itself neither to American nor German. DR. DÖLLINGER points out that the independence of the German intellect was assailed by the papal council at the same moment that NAPOLEON prepared to cross the Rhine. One assault has been baffled by the patriotism of Germany, the vigor of BISMARCK: he is still struggling bravely against the secret or open arts of the other. If he fail, if the German intellect be once more subjected to Romish and reactionary influence, and the German free schools be made the means of sapping the unity and patriotism of the nation, the progress of mankind will have received a dangerous check, and every evil impulse will rise into new vigor. Of all Prince BISMARCK's measures his latest is incomparably the best. He has placed himself at the front of the advancing intellect of his nation. At the risk of losing office, popularity, and even royal favor, he has driven the priest from the public school; he has saved German intelligence, as not long ago he saved

German freedom, from the grasp of Rome; and it is stated that his popularity was never so great among his countrymen as now—that his bust adorns the shops of Berlin, and his image is dear to the people he has served.

But the Jesuit faction in Germany, the union of all that is dull, corrupt, and immoral, the centre of political and national decay, has found its hero also. They have chosen him from the American Senate. No man who could excite doubt and suspicion between the German in America and the German in Europe, who could stimulate the fallen hopes of France to a feeble activity, or who could aim a calumnious blow at Bismarck and the cause of education, but must win the applause of priests and bishops. They hasten to place their laurel upon his brow. The *Germania*, the leader of the Romish press, calls Carl Schurz "the noblest representative of Germany in America." The Romish authorities unite in giving him this ill-gotten pre-eminence: nor is it difficult to trace in the feeble yet cunning political stratagem, devised to affect the elections of America and disturb the unity of Germany, a resemblance to those many wild, hopeless, yet often singularly destructive projects against the peace of nations which history so often traces to the fertile invention of the Jesuits. We do not mean to imply that any American Senator is the agent of that active society, or that even disappointed vanity or unsatisfied hopes have laid him open to their arts. But it is plainly the duty of every American official, when he finds himself the object of the applause of the enemies of his native and of his adopted country, a source of doubt or shame to the friends of freedom, the chosen hero of the Jesuits, to stop, to reflect, to repent. It is impossible that that course of action which satisfies only the Romish faction in Europe, the rebel faction in America, should be the path of honesty or of right; and the laurels hung upon the brows of American Senators by the agents of despotism and reaction must blast and corrode every honorable fame.

Prince Bismarck—*facile princeps*—unlike our American Senators, offers no compromise with the enemies of German union. He wins from the party of reaction and decay only execrations and menaces. He does not wait the assault of his noisy foes, but throws himself among them, with whip and scourge, driving them back to their caves and dens. In his recent speeches he declares that the enemy is within as well as without the walls; that the war between the German empire and the papal court is an inexpiable one; that the Pope and the Jesuits can never forgive the Protestant power that broke down at once the French empire and the temporal rule at Rome; he proves the complicity of the Jesuitical Bishop of Mayence and his Romish allies with the revengeful plots of France or the malcontents of Poland; and he boldly defies the whole papal priesthood in the cause of German or of human progress. Such resolute conduct is quite unparalleled in modern statesmanship. It has always been the custom with European politicians—at least since Cromwell and Milton—to court the favor of the papal see with gifts and submissions; and the rule of a foreign potentate within the commonwealth has been tolerated in England and encouraged in America. To such a policy Bismarck has given a lasting check. He proclaims the right of every nation to defend itself against Romish influence by rigorous laws. He has detected the priests and Jesuits in a conspiracy against German freedom; he has resolved to extract their fangs. France, it is asserted, dreams of a crusade to place the Pope again upon his throne, and hopes to avenge itself upon Germany amidst the horrors of a Romish uprising.

For such a purpose the Jesuits have discovered in Carl Schurz their firmest ally. Well may they call him "the noblest representative of Germany in America!" No man has aimed so dangerous or so successful a blow against his father-land, or so well served the traitors who are plotting its destruction. Every German vote given for Carl Schurz has been cast on the side of the papacy and of France; every sinister effort he has made to embarrass the administration and the President has been hailed with exultation in Versailles and the Vatican. He has striven to produce alienation, and perhaps war, between the two Protestant nations who stand together like brothers in the front rank of progress; he has labored to divide the Union party of his adopted country; he has given over his adopted State into the hands of the rebels who once wasted it with fire and sword. Indiscretion, intense blindness, or possibly a worse impulse, has marked all his political conduct; his considerable talents have been employed on the side of the enemies of his adopted as well as of his father land.

What patriotic German can sustain this friend of the Jesuits, the source of their rising hopes? While all Germany is still keeping its sleepless watch along the Rhine against the secret or open plots of the French and the papists, can the Germans of America lend their countenance to the man whom the French and the papists esteem their best ally? Let every German study well this singular problem—a German in the American Senate the object of the lavish applause of the Jesuits and the reactionists of Europe, of the rebels of Georgia and Missouri! Let him remember that every vote given to Carl Schurz is aimed against his father-land; will spread terror and discouragement through the cottages and the school-houses along the Elbe or the Rhine; will tend to rouse anew the fires of war in the blooming Palatinate or beside the memorable Saar. Let the Germans in America select some more fitting representative of their vigorous intellect—and they have many among us—than him by whom they have been so fatally misled, and their countrymen in Europe will take new courage to defy the Jesuits and France.

OUT.

A light is out in Italy—
  A golden tongue of purest flame:
We watched it burning long and lone,
  And every watcher knew its name,
  And knew from whence its fervor came—
That one rare light of Italy,
  Which put self-seeking souls to shame!

This light which burned for Italy,
  Through all the blackness of her night,
She doubted, once upon a time,
  Because it took away her sight.
  She looked and said, "There is no light!"
It was thine eyes, poor Italy,
  That knew not dark apart from bright.

This light which burned for Italy,
  It would not let her haters sleep;
They blew at it with angry breath,
  And only fed its upward leap,
  And only made it hot and deep:
Its burning showed us Italy,
  And all the hopes she had in keep.

This light is out in Italy:
  Her eyes shall seek for it in vain:
For her sweet sake it spent itself,
  Too early flickering to its wane—
  Too long blown over by her pain.
Bow down and moan, O Italy!
  Thou canst not kindle it again.

Howard Glyndon.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR CORRESPONDENT.

It was no uncommon thing for the tenants to address petitions and complaints in writing to Kate, and it occurred to Nina as not impossible that some one might have bethought him of entreating her intercession in his favor. The look of the letter, and the coarse wax, and the writing, all in a measure strengthened this impression, and it was in the most careless of moods she broke the envelope, scarcely caring to look for the name of the writer, whom she was convinced must be unknown to her.

She had just let her hair fall freely down on her neck and shoulders, and was seated in a deep chair before her fire, as she opened the paper and read, "Mademoiselle Kostalergi." This beginning, so unlikely for a peasant, made her turn for the name, and she read, in a large full hand, the words "Daniel Donogan." So complete was her surprise, that, to satisfy herself there was no trick or deception, she examined the envelope and the seal, and reflected for some minutes over the mode in which the document had come to her hands. Atlee's story was a very credible one: nothing more likely than that the boy was charged to deliver the letter at the Castle, and simply sought to spare himself so many miles of way, or it might be that he was enjoined to give it to the first traveler he met on his road to Kilgobbin. Nina had little doubt that if Atlee guessed or had reason to know the writer, he would have treated the letter as a secret missive which would give him a certain power over her.

These thoughts did not take her long, and she turned once more to the letter. "Poor fellow," said she, aloud, "why does he write to *me?*" And her own voice sent back its surmises to her, and as she thought over him standing on the lonely road, his clasped hands before him, and his hair wafted wildly back from his uncovered head, two heavy tears rolled slowly down her cheeks and dropped upon her neck. "I am sure he loved me—I know he loved me," muttered she, half aloud. "I have never seen in any eye the same expression that his wore as he lay that morning in the grass. It was not veneration, it was genuine adoration. Had I been a saint and wanted worship, there was the very offering that I craved—a look of painful meaning, made up of wonder and devotion, a something that said—take what course you may, be willful, be wayward, be even cruel, I am your slave. You may not think me worthy of a thought, you may be so indifferent as to forget me utterly, but my life from this hour has but one spell to charm, one memory to sustain it. It needed not his last words to me to say that my image would lay on his heart forever. Poor fellow, *I* need not have been added to his sorrows; he has had his share of trouble without *me!*"

It was some time ere she could return to the letter, which ran thus:

"Mademoiselle Kostalergi,—You once rendered me a great service—not alone at some hazard to yourself, but by doing what must have cost you sorely. It is now *my* turn, and if the act of repayment is not equal to the original debt, let me ask you to believe that it taxes *my* strength even more than *your* generosity once taxed your own.

"I came here a few days since in the hope that I might see you before I leave Ireland forever, and while waiting for some fortunate chance, I learned that you were betrothed and to be married to the young gentleman who lies ill at Kilgobbin, and whose approaching trial at the Assizes is now the subject of so much discussion. I will not tell you—I have no right to tell you—the deep misery with which these tidings filled me. It was no use to teach my heart how vain and impossible were all my hopes with regard to you. It was to no purpose that I could repeat even aloud to myself how hopeless my pretensions must be. My love for you had become a religion, and what I could deny to a hope I could still believe. Take that hope away, and I could not imagine how I should face my daily life, how interest myself in its ambitions, or even care to live on.

"These sad confessions can not offend you, coming from one even as humble as I am. They are all that are left me for consolation—they will soon be all I shall have for memory. The little lamp in the lowly shrine comforts the kneeling worshiper far more than it honors the saint; and the love I bear you is such as this. Forgive me if I have dared these utterances. To save him with whose fortunes your own are to be bound up, became at once my object; and as I knew with what ingenuity and craft his ruin had been compassed, it required all my efforts to baffle his enemies. The National Press and the National Party have made a great cause of this trial, and determined that tenant-right should be vindicated in the person of this man Gill.

"I have seen enough of what is intended here to be aware what mischief may be worked by hard swearing, a violent press, and a jury not insensible to public opinion—evils, if you like, but evils that are less of our own growing than the curse ill government has brought upon us. It has been decided in certain councils—whose decrees are seldom gainsaid—that an example shall be made of Captain Gorman O'Shea, and that no effort shall be spared to make his case a terror and a warning to Irish land-owners, how they attempt by ancient process of law to subvert the concessions we have wrung from our tyrants.

"A jury to find him guilty will be sworn; and let us see the judge—in defiance of a verdict given from the jury-box, without a moment's hesitation or the shadow of dissent—let us see the judge who will dare to diminish the severity of the sentence. This is the language, these are the very words, of those who have more of the rule of Ireland in their hands than the haughty gentlemen, honorable and right honorable, who sit at Whitehall.

"I have heard this opinion too often of late to doubt how much it is a fixed determination of the party; and until now—until I came here, and learned what interest this fact could have for me—I offered no opposition to these reasonings. Since then I have bestirred myself actively. I have addressed the committee here who have taken charge of the prosecution. I have written to the editors of the chief newspapers. I have even made a direct appeal to the leading counsel for the prosecution, and tried to persuade them that a victory here might cost us more than a defeat, and that the country at large, who submit with difficulty to the verdict of absolving juries, will rise with indignation at this evidence of a jury prepared to exercise a vindictive power, and actually make the law the agent of reprisal. I have failed in all—utterly failed. Some reproach me as faint-hearted and craven; some condescend to treat me as merely mistaken and misguided; and some are bold enough to hint that, though as a military authority I stand without rivalry, as a purely political adviser my counsels are open to dispute.

"I have still a power, however, through the organization of which I am a chief; and by this power I have ordered Gill to appear before me, and, in obedience to my commands, he will sail this night for America. With him will also leave the two other important witnesses in this cause; so that the only evidence against Captain O'Shea will be some of those against whom he has himself instituted a cross charge for assault. That the prosecution can be carried on with such testimony need not be feared. Our Press will denounce the infamous arts by which these witnesses have been tampered with, and justice has been defeated. The insults they may hurl at our oppressors—for once unjustly—will furnish matter for the opposition journals to inveigh against our present Government, and some good may come even of this. At all events, I shall have accomplished what I sought. I shall have saved from a prison the man I hate most on earth, the man who, robbing me of what never could be mine, robs me of every hope, of every ambition, making my love as worthless as my life! Have I not repaid you? Ask your heart which of us has done more for the other?

"The contract on which Gill based his right as a tenant, and which would have sustained his action, is now in my hands; and I will—if you permit me—place it in yours. This may appear an ingenious device to secure a meeting with you; but, though I long to see you once more, were it but a minute, I would not compass it by a fraud. If, then, you will not see me, I shall address the packet to you through the post.

"I have finished. I have told you what it most concerns you to know, and what chiefly regards your happiness. I have done this as coldly and impassively, I hope, as though I had no other part in the narrative than that of the friend whose friendship had a blessed office. I have not told you of the beating heart that hangs over this paper, nor will I darken one bright moment of your fortune by the gloom of mine. If you will write me one line—a farewell if it must be—send it to the care of Adam Cobb, 'Cross Keys,' Moate, where I shall find it up to Thursday next. If—and oh! how I shall bless you for it!—if you will consent to see me, to say one word, to let me look on you once more, I shall go into my banishment with a bolder heart, as men go into battle with an amulet.

"Daniel Donogan."

"Shall I show this to Kate?" was the first thought of Nina as she laid the letter down. "Is it a breach of confidence to let another than myself read these lines? Assuredly they were meant for my eyes alone. Poor fellow!" said she, once more aloud. "It was very noble in him to do this for one he could not but regard as a rival." And then she asked herself how far it might consist with honor to derive benefit from his mistake—since mistake it was—in believing O'Shea was her lover, and to be her future husband.

"There can be little doubt Donogan would never have made the sacrifice had he known that I am about to marry Walpole." From this she rambled on to speculate on how far might Donogan's conduct compromise or endanger him with his own party, and if—which she thought very probable—there was a distinct peril in what he was doing, whether he would have incurred that peril if he really knew the truth, and that it was not herself he was serving.

The more she canvassed these doubts, the more she found the difficulty of resolving them; nor indeed was there any other way than one—distinctly to ask Donogan if he would persist in his kind intentions when he knew that the benefit was to revert to her cousin, and not to herself. So far as the evidence of Gill at the trial was concerned, the man's withdrawal was already accomplished; but would Donogan be as ready to restore the lease, and would he, in fact, be as ready to confront the danger of all this interference, as at first? She could scarcely satisfy her mind how she would wish him to act in the contingency. She was sincerely fond of Kate, she knew all the traits of honesty and truth in that simple character, and she valued the very qualities of straightforwardness and direct purpose in which she knew she was herself deficient. She would have liked well to secure that dear girl's happiness, and it would have been an exquisite delight to her to feel that she had been an aid to her welfare; and yet, with all this, there was a subtile jealousy that tortured her in thinking, "What will this man have done to prove his love for *me?* Where am I, and are my interests in all this?" There was a poison in this doubt that actually extended to a state of fever. "I must see him," she said at last, speaking aloud to herself. "I must let him know the truth. If what he proposes should lead him to break with his party or his friends, it is well he should see for what and for whom he is doing it."

And then she persuaded herself she would like to hear Donogan talk as once before she had heard him talk of his hopes and his ambitions. There was something in the high-sounding aspirations of the man, a lofty heroism in all he said, that struck a chord in her Greek nature. The cause that was so intensely associated with danger, that life was always on the issue, was exactly the thing to excite her heart, and, like the trumpet-blast to the charger, she felt stirred to her inmost soul by whatever appealed to reckless daring and peril. "He shall tell me what he intends to do—his plans, his projects, and his troubles. He shall tell me of his hopes, what he desires in the future, and where he himself will stand when his efforts have succeeded; and, oh!" thought she, "are not the wild extravagances of these men better a thousand times than the well-turned nothings of the fine gentlemen who surround us? Are not their very risks and vicissitudes more manly teachings than the small casualties of the polished world? If life were all 'salon,' taste, perhaps, might decide against them; but it is not all 'salon,' or, if it were, it would be a poorer thing even than I think it!" She turned to her desk as she said this, and wrote:

"Dear Mr. Donogan,—I wish to thank you in person for the great kindness you have shown me, though there is some mistake on your part in the matter. I can not suppose you are able to come here openly, but if you will be in the garden on Saturday evening at nine o'clock, I shall be there to meet you. I am very truly yours,

"Nina Kostalergi."

"Very imprudent—scarce delicate—perhaps, all this, and for a girl who is to be married to another man in some three weeks hence; but I will tell Cecil Walpole all when he returns, and if he desires to be off his engagement he shall have the liberty. I have one-half at least of the Bayard legend, and if I can not say I am 'without reproach,' I am certainly without fear."

The letter-bag lay in the hall, and Nina went down at once and deposited her letter in it; this done, she lay down on her bed, not to sleep, but to think over Donogan and his letter till daybreak.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

THE BREAKFAST-ROOM.

"Strange house this!" said Joseph Atlee, as Nina entered the room the next morning where he sat alone at breakfast. "Lord Kilgobbin and Dick were here a moment ago, and disappeared suddenly; Miss Kearney for an instant, and also left as abruptly; and now you have come, I most earnestly hope not to fly away in the same fashion."

"No; I mean to eat my breakfast, and so far to keep you company."

"I thank the tea-urn for my good fortune," said he, solemnly.

"A *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Atlee is a piece of good luck," said Nina, as she sat down. "Has any thing occurred to call our hosts away?"

"In a house like this," said he, jocularly, "where people are marrying or giving in marriage at every turn, what may not happen? It may be a question of the settlement, or the bride-cake, the white satin 'slip'—if that's the name for it, the orange flowers, or the choice of the best man—who knows?"

"You seem to know the whole bead-roll of wedding incidents."

"It is a dull 'repertoire' after all, for whether the piece be melodrama, farce, genteel comedy, or harrowing tragedy, it has to be played by the same actors."

"What would you have? Marriages can not be all alike. There must be marriages for many things besides love: for ambition, for interest, for money, for convenience."

"Convenience is exactly the phrase I wanted and could not catch."

"It is not the word *I* wanted, nor do I think we mean the same thing by it."

"What I mean is this," said Atlee, with a firm voice, "that when a young girl has decided in her own mind that she has had enough of

that social bondage of the daughter, and can not marry the man she would like, she will marry the man that she can."

"And like him, too," added Nina, with a strange, dubious sort of smile.

"Yes, and like him, too, for there is a curious feature in the woman's nature that, without any falsehood or disloyalty, permits her to like different people in different ways, so that the quiet, gentle, almost impassive woman might, if differently mated, have been a being of fervid temper, headstrong and passionate. If it were not for this species of accommodation, marriage would be a worse thing than it is."

"I never suspected you of having made a study of the subject. Since when have you devoted your attention to the theme?"

"I could answer in the words of Wilkes—since I have had the honor to know your royal highness; but perhaps you might be displeased with the flippancy."

"I should think that very probable," said she, gravely.

"Don't look so serious. Remember that I did not commit myself, after all."

"I thought it was possible to discuss this problem without a personality."

"Don't you know that, let one deal in abstractions as long as he will, he is only skirmishing around special instances? It is out of what I glean from individuals I make up my generalities."

"Am I to understand by this that I have supplied you with the material of one of these reflections?"

"You have given me the subject of many. If I were to tell you how often I have thought of you, I could not answer for the words in which I might tell it."

"Do not tell it, then."

"I know—I am aware—I have heard since I came here that there is a special reason why you could not listen to me."

"And being so, why do you propose that I should hear you?"

"I will tell you," said he, with an earnestness that almost startled her; "I will tell you, because there are things in which a doubt or an equivocation is actually maddening; and I will not, I can not believe that you have accepted Cecil Walpole."

"Will you please to say why it should seem so incredible?"

"Because I have seen you not merely in admiration, and that admiration would be better conveyed by a stronger word; and because I have measured you with others infinitely beneath you in every way, and who are yet soaring into very high regions indeed; because I have learned enough of the world to know that alongside of—often above—the influence that men are wielding in life by their genius and their capacity, there is another power exercised by women of marvelous beauty, of infinite attractions, and exquisite grace, which sways and moulds the fate of mankind far more than cabinets and councils. There are not above half a dozen of these in Europe, and you might be one added to the number."

"Even admitting all this—and I don't see that I should go so far—it is no answer to my question."

"Must I then say there can be no—not companionship, that's not the word; no, I must take the French expression, and call it 'solidarité'—there can be no solidarité of interests, of objects, of passions, or of hopes between people so widely dissevered as you and Walpole. I am so convinced of this, that still I can dare to declare I can not believe you could marry him."

"And if I were to tell you it were true?"

"I should still regard it as a passing caprice, that the mere mention of to-morrow would offend you. It is no disparagement of Walpole to say he is unworthy of you, for who would be worthy? but the presumption of his daring is enough to excite indignation—at least, I feel it such. How he could dare to link his supreme littleness with consummate perfection; to freight the miserable bark of his fortunes with so precious a cargo; to encounter the feeling—and there is no escape for it—'I must drag that woman down, not alone into obscurity, but into all the sordid meanness of a small condition, that never can emerge into any thing better.' He can not disguise from himself that it is not within his reach to attain power, or place, or high consideration. Such men make no name in life; they leave no mark on their time. They are heaven-born subordinates, and never refute their destiny. Does a woman with ambition—does a woman conscious of her own great merits condescend to ally herself, not alone with small fortune—that might be borne—but with the smaller associations that make up these men's lives? with the peddling efforts to mount even one rung higher of that crazy little ladder of their ambition—to be a clerk of another grade—a creature of some fifty pounds more—a being in an upper office?"

"And the Prince—for he ought to be at least a prince who should make me the offer of his name—whence is he to come, Mr. Atlee?"

"There are men who are not born to princely station who, by their genius and their determination, are just as sure to become famous, and who need but the glorious prize of such a woman's love— No, no, don't treat what I say as rant and rodomontade; these are words of sober sense and seriousness."

"Indeed!" said she, with a faint sigh. "So that it really amounts to this—that I shall actually have missed my whole fortune in life—thrown myself away—all because I had not waited for Mr. Atlee to propose for me?"

Nothing less than Atlee's marvelous assurance and self-possession could have sustained this speech unabashed.

"You have only said what my heart has told me many a day since."

"But you seem to forget," added she, with a very faint curl of scorn on her lip, "that I had no more to guide me to the discovery of Mr. Atlee's affection than to that of his future greatness. Indeed, I could more readily believe in the latter than the former."

"Believe in both," cried he, warmly. "If I have conquered difficulties in life, if I have achieved some successes—now for a passing triumph, now for a moment of gratified vanity, now for a mere caprice—try me by a mere hope—I only plead for a hope—try me by a hope of being one day worthy of calling that hand my own."

As he spoke, he tried to grasp her hand; but she withdrew it coldly and slowly, saying, "I have no fancy to make myself the prize of any success in life, political or literary; nor can I believe that the man who reasons in this fashion has any really high ambition. Mr. Atlee," added she, more gravely, "your memory may not be as good as mine, and you will pardon me if I remind you that, almost at our first meeting, we struck up a sort of friendship, on the very equivocal ground of a common country. We agreed that each of us claimed for their native land the mythical Bohemia, and we agreed, besides, that the natives of that country are admirable colleagues, but not good partners."

"You are not quite fair in this," he began; but before he could say more Dick Kearney entered hurriedly, and cried out, "It's all true. The people are in wild excitement, and all declare that they will not let him be taken. Oh! I forgot," added he. "You were not here when my father and I were called away by the dispatch from the police station, to say that Donogan has been seen at Moate, and is about to hold a meeting on the bog. Of course, this is mere rumor; but the constabulary are determined to capture him, and Curtis has written to inform my father that a party of police will patrol the grounds here this evening."

"And if they should take him, what would happen—to him, I mean?" asked Nina, coldly.

"An escaped convict is usually condemned to death; but I suppose they would not hang him," said Dick.

"Hang him!" cried Atlee; "nothing of the kind. Mr. Gladstone would present him with a suit of clothes, a ten-pound note, and a first-class passage to America. He would make a 'healing measure' of him."

"I must say, gentlemen," said Nina, scornfully, "you can discuss your friend's fate with a marvelous equanimity."

"So we do," rejoined Atlee. "He is another Bohemian."

"Don't say so, Sir," said she, passionately. "The men who put their lives on a venture—and that venture not a mere gain to themselves—are in no wise the associates of those poor adventurers who are gambling for their daily living. He is a rebel, if you like; but he believes in rebellion. How much do you believe in, Mr. Atlee?"

"I say, Joe, you are getting the worst of this discussion. Seriously, however, I hope they'll not catch poor Donogan; and my father has asked Curtis to come over and dine here, and I trust to a good fire and some old claret to keep him quiet for this evening, at least. We must not molest the police; but there's no great harm done if we mislead them."

"Once in the drawing-room, if Mademoiselle Kostalergi will only condescend to aid us," added Atlee, "I think Curtis will be more than a chief constable if he will bethink him of his duty."

"You are a strange set of people, you Irish," said Nina, as she walked away. "Even such of you as don't want to overthrow the Government, are always ready to impede its march and contribute to its difficulties."

"She only meant that for an impertinence," said Atlee, after she left the room; "but she was wonderfully near the truth, though not truthfully expressed."

S. F. B. MORSE, LL.D.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE, who died at his residence in this city on the 2d of April, 1872, at the advanced age of eighty-one, was the eldest son of JEDEDIAH MORSE, D.D., who was influential as a clergyman, and celebrated as the father of American geography. He was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791. After a liberal education at Yale College, where he graduated in 1810, he went to England with WASHINGTON ALLSTON to study painting, for which he had developed decided talent, under the joint tuition of ALLSTON and BENJAMIN WEST. Not content with pursuing one branch of art, he added to the study of painting that of sculpture, and in 1813 received the gold medal of the Adelphi Society of Arts for an original model of a "Dying Hercules."

After a thorough and successful course as an art student abroad, Mr. MORSE returned to the United States in 1815, and practiced his profession in New York. There was no national association of artists in this country at that time, and it was not until the year 1824 that, in connection with some other artists of New York, he organized a drawing association, which, after a variety of obstacles and struggles, finally resulted in the establishment in this city, in the year 1826, of the present honored and useful "National Academy of Design." Mr. MORSE was chosen President of the institution, and was reelected to that office for sixteen years. In 1829 he returned to Europe to prosecute his studies in art more extensively, and resided for more than three years in the principal cities of the Continent. During his absence abroad he was elected to the professorship of the literature of the arts of design in the University of New York; and in the year 1835 he delivered a course of lectures before that institution upon art. But though devoted to the fine arts, he was also deeply interested in various departments of science, and especially in chemistry. While yet a student in Yale College he had pursued the study of chemistry and natural philosophy with enthusiasm, under the guidance of the late Professor SILLIMAN and Professor DAY, and his love for scientific research and experiment continued to increase after he left college till it became his controlling pursuit. As early as 1826 he was a colleague lecturer with Professor DANA at the Athenæum, in New York city; the former lecturing upon the fine arts, while Professor DANA lectured upon electro-magnetism. They became intimate friends, and MORSE pursued the subject of electro-magnetism in conversation and study with his friend. The first electro-magnet ever exhibited in the United States belonged to Professor MORSE, and the spiral coil used by Professor DANA suggested the electro-magnet which is now used in every MORSE telegraph throughout the world.

It was in the autumn of 1832, when Mr. MORSE was returning to America on board the packet-ship *Sully*, that, in a casual conversation with some of the passengers on the then recent discovery in France of the means of obtaining the electric spark from the magnet, showing the identity of electricity and magnetism, he conceived not merely the idea of the electric telegraph, but of an electro-magnetic and chemical recording telegraph, substantially and essentially as it now exists. There is no question as to this origin of the present telegraph. Mr. MORSE's testimony to his acts and drawings made on board of the ship has been confirmed before the courts by the testimony of all the passengers but one who were with him upon the vessel, and the evidence was regarded as conclusive by the judges.

Though the idea was conceived, and a portion of the drawings and apparatus constructed in 1832, it was not until 1835 that he completed the first telegraphic recording apparatus. This was comparatively rude, and enabled him only to communicate between two points distant half a mile; and it was not until July, 1837, that, by the construction of a second instrument, he was able to work from both extremities of his line. In that year he had completed two instruments, and could work his telegraph from each end of the line. Early in September of 1837 he exhibited to hundreds the operation of his system at the University of New York. The feasibility and usefulness of the invention having been thus demonstrated, Mr. MORSE applied to Congress in 1838 for aid to construct an experimental line from Washington to Baltimore to demonstrate publicly the utility of the telegraph. Like all great inventions, it was received coldly, with skepticism, and even with ridicule; and the session of 1837–38 closed without any encouragement except the favorable report of the Congressional committee.

By no means discouraged, Mr. MORSE proceeded to Europe to endeavor to awaken the interest of European governments in his invention, and secure a patent for it. He was refused letters patent in England, in France he only secured a useless *brevet*, and obtained no exclusive privilege in any other country. Thus repulsed and baffled, he returned to America, to struggle again for four years with slender resources and frequent discouragements, but still possessed of a determination to interest his countrymen in the invention. Throughout the session of 1842–43 Mr. MORSE was indefatigable in pressing his invention upon the attention of Congress, and though the last day of the session had waned, and he had retired disheartened and weary, his object was secured by an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, granted in the expiring hour of the midnight session. He was startled by the news on the morning of March 3, 1843, that Congress had voted this amount for the construction of a telegraph between Washington and Baltimore, and he immediately commenced the work, which was completed in 1844, and satisfactorily demonstrated to the world the utility and value of the MORSE system of electro-magnetic telegraphs.

In the twenty-eight years since its first establishment its lines have gone out through all the earth. They extend upon this continent, in various directions, more than fifty thousand miles. They climb the Rocky Mountains, and stretch across the lonely plains to the Golden Gate of the Pacific. The system is adopted in every country of the Eastern continent, from the extreme north of Russia, where the wires are almost ready to be linked within the arctic circle to those that are sweeping up the Pacific coast to Behring Strait, down to the Italian and Spanish peninsulas; they dive beneath the seas to Egypt, and find their way over deserts and under oceans to the far East. No part of the civilized world is without the electric girdle, and even across the Atlantic three great cables have established telegraphic communication between the Eastern and Western worlds.

Besides reaping at length the substantial rewards of his invention, honors have been showered upon him by national academies and universities, by scientific associations and sovereign potentates. Yale College conferred upon him the complimentary degree of LL.D. in 1848, and in the same year the Sultan of Turkey decorated him with the diamond badge of *Nishan Iftichar*. Gold medals of scientific merit were awarded him by the Kings of Prussia and Würtemberg and the Emperor of Austria. In 1856 the Emperor of the French presented him with the cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; in the following year Denmark made him Knight of the Dannebrog; and in 1858 the Queen of Spain conferred the cross of Knight Commander of the order of Isabella the Catholic. From the King of Portugal he received the badge of knighthood of the order of the Tower and Sword; and from the King of Italy the decoration of Knight of the order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus. He has been elected member of all the prominent European scientific and art academies; but the most distinguished and unusual honor was the collective testimonial of France, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Sardinia, Tuscany, Turkey, and the Roman Pontiff, amounting to four hundred thousand francs, presented as a personal reward to Mr. MORSE for his useful labors. We give his portrait on our first page, from a photograph taken about eight years ago.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A VERY old man, with long jaws and high cheekbones, came once upon a time to the witness box of an Ohio court. "What is your age?" asked Tom Corwin. "Twenty-two." "You probably mistake the question. The years of your life—I wish to know the number of them." "Twenty-two!" "Have you spent all your life in Ohio?" "Oh, no; I did live forty years on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, but I hope the Lord ain't counted *them* agin me."

It is said that corkscrews have sunk more than cork-jackets have ever saved.

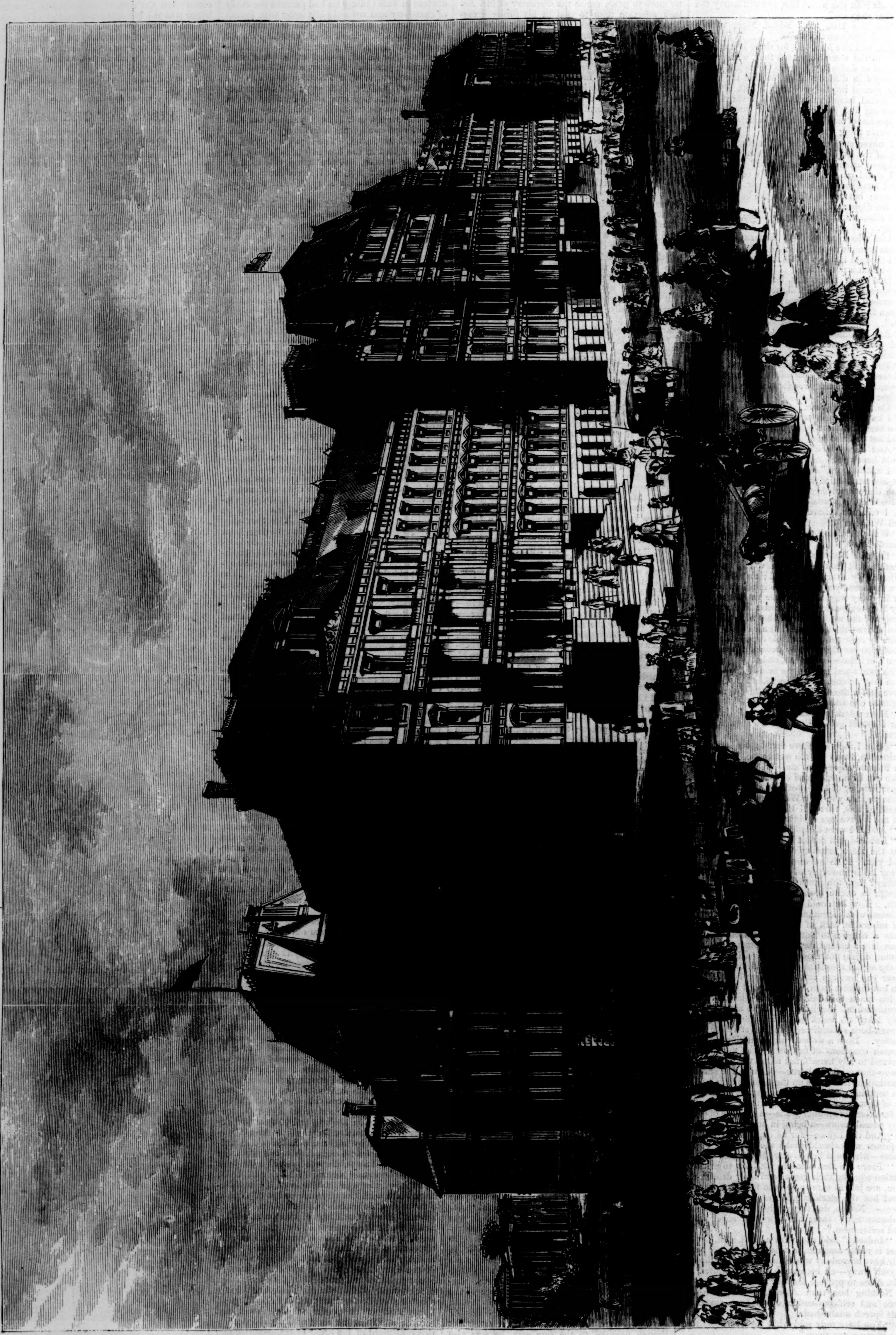
Why is a pocket-handkerchief like a snake?—Because it belongs to a generation of wipers.

A Yankee, being asked to describe his wife, said, "Why, Sir, she'd make a regular fast, go-ahead steamer, my wife would—she has such a wonderful talent for blowing up."

ANOTHER!

A HEAVY BLOW—A REGULAR NOR'EASTER.

CONNECTICUT HEARD FROM—AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.



THE NEW STATE DEPARTMENT BUILDING AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.—From the Architect's Drawings.—[See Page 314.]

WILL ROBINSON CRUSOE (SUMNER) FORSAKE HIS MAN FRIDAY?

THE BOAT'S CREW THAT IS GOING OVER.

THE NEW STATE DEPARTMENT BUILDING, WASHINGTON.

We present on page 312 a view of the new State Department edifice, at Washington city, taken from photographs of the architect's elevations as they were presented to three members of the cabinet, and approved by them. It is to be understood that at present but one end of this edifice has attained any considerable proportions. When finished, which will probably require three or four years, the building will contain the offices of War, Navy, and State.

The new State Department, although quite different in style from the Treasury at Washington, will preserve some elements of congruity with that notable pile. It will be nearly of the same dimensions, and constructed, like the Treasury, of New England granite. The general treatment of the masses is in the French style—that is, with central and corner pavilions connected by curtains, and with Mansard-roof. The details are essentially classical Italian. It will occupy two entire blocks, will have eight equally important entrances to the first story, and within the edifice will be two open courts, each 104 by 140 feet. The whole exterior is limited to one order, the Roman Doric, and every detail has been carefully studied from models. No wood enters into the construction of any part of the building, the roof being built entirely of iron and slate. The entire square on which the edifice stands will be graded into a level terrace; the roof will have moulded corner pieces, surmounted with a rich iron casting; the order proper begins in the first story, rising easily and gracefully from a simple and elegant basement; the principal part is four stories high to the main cornice, with two stories in the roof; in the central pavilions are added one and two stories more. All attempt at carved ornamentation will be avoided; a broad passage-way makes the complete circuit of the building, the rooms being on either side.

One notable point about this fine edifice is the fact that the vote for the first $500,000 to begin it effectually settled the capital-removal project, which at one time bade fair to turn the head of all the West. When Congress voted half a million to begin with for another costly edifice at Washington, the agitators for removal disappeared, and soon found enough to attend to in the Western States, where this pernicious example had meantime disturbed all the seats of commonwealth government.

A TRIFLE.

We were hurrying through the city for home, having traveled many hundred miles safely, and feeling as dusty and soiled as all the comforts of civilized travel can make people feel. We were in a wild hurry, too, for affairs at home were needing us; but the human engine not having yet transmuted its perpetual motion into temporary advantage, but requiring its oiling and firing as much as any other engine, we were pausing on the wing for a bite and sup at Gardner's.

Gardner's, be it known, was the pet restaurant of the city at that time, and such a restaurant as, we frequently assured ourselves, no other place in the land could boast. Such cleanliness and sweetness, such space and air; white and black marble, silver and damask and mirrors; such servants as nobody but those who commanded the genii of the "Arabian Nights" ever had; and then such viands! it was no wonder that among young and old for many a surrounding and suburban mile dining at Gardner's was considered a delightful adventure, to be anticipated and discussed, in connection with matinées and shopping, for days beforehand.

We had an hour to spare for our train that day; and I will confess that without being, I trust, too much of a gourmande, there was yet a certain brown pudding for which the kitchen of that place was famous, and for which it seemed to me worth while delaying at the table, all the more as the dining-hall was gayer and brighter than the lonely waiting-room of a railway station; and it was while I was lingering over it that my attention was led to the next table, where a young pair of lovers were seated and were banqueting joyously.

A pretty face is a great attraction to me, first pictorially, then humanly; and one of the faces of the pair—the young maiden's—tempted you to call it the prettiest in the world: color as fresh as an apple blossom, dainty features, starry eyes; that auburn hair which isn't brown and isn't red, but is a glory; fine black eyebrows arching, and scarlet lips rippling with constant smiles; and a grace and radiance and happiness, darkened by sudden little bursts of petulance—observing which was quite as good as romance-reading.

Dear me! what a dinner they had, to be sure! from turtle soup to ortolans and becaficoes, for aught I know, with every hot-house, out-of-season thing on the carte, and some pink muscatel Moselle, which was sparkling in their eyes and flying on their tongues. They must have been accustomed to very good living at home, too—you see what an old gossip I am—for there had not been a dish in this dinner fit for a prince with which there was not something amiss, whether the lover thought nothing could be dainty enough for his sweetheart, or whether the sweetheart thought it best to begin as she meant to hold out, and never be too easily pleased. But in spite of such untoward incidents as too much lemon in the soup and too little ice in the wine, they had eaten their way through the bill as far as dessert; and the discreet old waiter, who treated them quite as if he knew, for all their fuss, that they would not come to Gardner's every day, was just bringing a tray of méringues and ices and big black Hamburg grapes the size of plums. I suppose it is somewhat shameworthy in me (at least I dare say I should think it was in any body else), but as I imagined it unlikely I should ever meet the two again, I enjoyed listening to their conversation—though, for the matter of that, I can not say I shouldn't have enjoyed it more still if I had known that I should meet them again; but indeed I could not very well have helped the listening had I tried; and if my hearer condemns me, he must cease to be my hearer here and now or else become as guilty as I was myself.

So to proceed: I learned thus that my young couple were from a country town much nearer the city than our own home; that though engaged to be married, they did not contemplate marriage for a long while to come, but that they were "going to housekeeping" when they did marry; that being in the city on a little shopping excursion, they had taken occasion to make an errand and price carpets and curtains and tête-à-têtes, and while, on separating, one was hanging hopelessly over refrigerators, the other had been emptying her little purse on pretty folderols; that each had thus met with a world of adventure in the hour of their divergence, for whose recital twenty dinners would not be long enough; and now he had brought her to Gardner's, as the greatest treat he could give her preparatory to an evening at the theatre and a ride home on a certain special midnight train.

How happy they were, I thought, as I watched them, now out of the corner of my eye, and now reflected in my glasses, which I sometimes held meditatively in one hand. How I envied them!—like an old fool as I was—for what did I want any of that green and salad rapture for? I had been through it all, and I knew my great, still river of happiness was worth a thousand of such cascading, bubbling brooks as theirs, and they would have to wade in deep waters before they reached where I was. But, for all that, there are some bright days we should all be glad to live over again, even if we remembered them in heaven itself. As I wished, with half a sigh, that I was seventeen, with my life before me once more, just to go through it all for the second time, an old friend stopped at our own table for greeting, and I forgot my little people for some moments while asking and answering the dozen questions that were always a formula between my friend and me. When Laura went I ate my pudding, and toward its conclusion stole another glance at my neighbors. Bless my heart! where had all the sunshine gone? The arching black eyebrows were in one straight line across the pretty face, the rosy lips were pouted and drawn down in an angry crescent, and my little beauty was a little fury.

"Is your trifle good, darling?" I had heard the lover ask some time before I turned my head.

"Yes, dear—I don't know—no," she had answered him. "Stale," she said, sententiously.

"Let me send it away, then, and have something else in its place," he urged.

"Oh dear, no! It's quite as good as any thing else would be."

"But I insist. The Charlotte-Russe here is delicious."

"Charlotte-Russe! *I* never saw them nice any where! The cake is always dry and the cream is always sour. Wait till I can make you one with bits of orange and slices of white grape in it."

"I'm afraid we shall hardly excel French cookery, Pansy darling."

"I'm sure, if this is French cookery, I hope we shall," said Pansy darling, in a tone plainly resenting the imputation on her future skill. "Just look at that trifle now, as they call it; it might be soap-suds, and it might be—I don't know what! However, that's no matter; and, as I was saying, I went to—"

"But, my darling, it is a great deal of matter! I wanted you to have a good dinner. And, do you know, Pansy dear—forgive me now—you have found fault with every thing on the table: here, where every one admits there is the best table to be found this side of Paris."

"How absurd, Don! As if you hadn't done the same thing!"

"To be sure. But because I saw you were dissatisfied—"

"Dear me! what a very expressive face I must have!" she cried, half under her breath.

"It is expressive, my darling. And I wanted you to be gratified."

"Well, that is perfectly silly! As if I hadn't been gratified."

"I am sure nobody would imagine it who had watched you, Pansy."

"How can you be so unreasonable? If I prefer bread and milk to all this flummery, I suppose I can be indulged!"

"Now, my dear Pansy, how was I to know that? Why didn't you ask for bread and milk? I declare I despair of pleasing you."

"Perhaps, then, you'd better not try!" said Miss Pansy, stiffly, and with most unnecessary temper.

Don drew a long breath before he replied. "I'm not speaking on my own account, my love. Indeed not. Only I think—I have thought a great many times—that you would be a great deal happier all your life if you learned to look at the best side of a thing."

"What a rigmarole of nonsense you are talking, Don! And as if I came to Gardner's to be lectured! Before all the servants, too! And that woman who hears every word you say—"

"Oh, Pansy, really, I— There, perhaps I shouldn't have said any thing—you're quite right—at any rate, not here. It's the only fault you have, at all events, my love. Come, now, we'll leave it. Here, dear, let me fill your glass."

Ah! It's that ridiculous Champagne, said I to myself; it has mounted to the little fool's head, and there's no knowing where the scene will end! Indeed, there was no knowing.

"Fill my glass, indeed!" cried Wounded Vanity, with blazing eyes. "As if I were a child to be quieted with a peppermint! Perhaps you shouldn't have said any thing! I wonder if this is the way you use Trese Conrad!"

"T'rese is my cousin, Pansy. I don't pretend to care for her happiness as I do for yours, and I never could take the liberty of speaking to her as I may to you."

"Don't take the liberty with me, then! Certainly I never authorized it! I'm not your wife or your slave yet, thank Heaven, to be trodden on before a hundred people!"

"Oh, Pansy!"

"Be so good as to give me my sachel and my parasol and the rest! I don't intend to stay here another minute to be abused in this fashion. You can go home when you please; *I'm* going now!"

"My dear Pansy," exclaimed the young man, "pray catch your breath. Think what you say. Now? Are you not going with me to see Therese, and take her to the theatre, as we promised?"

"You can take her to the theatre as much as you choose. Certainly you will not take me," said Miss Pansy, jerking on her glove. "Of course you couldn't enjoy taking a person to the theatre that finds fault with every thing before her, and that you despair of pleasing!"

"My dear child, you are working yourself up so sadly about nothing! Forgive me, do, if I wounded you. Nothing was farther from my intention—"

"I asked you for my things. Do you mean to give them to me, or shall I get them myself?"

"James"—turning his head and beckoning the waiter, who had wisely withdrawn a few steps—"give the young lady those articles on the side-table. Pansy, our tickets are for the special midnight train, you recollect; if you really mean to go, I must change them."

"Tear them up, Sir! I can get my own, I hope!" And she buttoned her glove with a vicious snap just as James returned with the parasol and sachel, and half a dozen tissue-wrapped parcels into the bargain.

Don stood up also. I didn't dare to look at him; but I fancied from my swift sidelong flash that he was white, and angry too at last, though there was no intimation of it in his gentle voice. "I can't think of letting you go alone, Pansy," said he. "But I must step round to the office, for I left the key in the safe with all my papers—"

"Don't disturb yourself," she said, "for I know the way, and if I don't I can ask; and I presume I shall get as much civility as I have had here;" and she swept past him like a scornful queen, and down the room and out of the door. And let him follow as rapidly as he might, staying to pay the reckoning first, I judged she must have been out of sight when he reached the lower door.

What a beauty she was! Lovelier in her wrath than in her pleasure, the eye like a flame, the cheek like a velvet rose, lightnings glancing all about her, and her voice modulated so perfectly that its angriest vibration was musical, and not to be heard beyond my own seat—half as much divined as heard there—I didn't wonder the poor young fellow was hopelessly in love with the little vixen. Yet I had quite forgotten to envy them by this time. Envy him, indeed, the life she was to lead him! A life, if he lived it, as full of thunder-gusts as an afternoon in equatorial mountain-tops. Evidently a spoiled child, and without doubt possessed of more good traits than bad, in spite of this temper—a temper often a part of rich tropical natures, and sure to be followed by a repentance and remorse in which she would drag all that hair of hers in the dust at his feet acknowledging her error. While I speculated like the old gossip I told you I was, and sipped my coffee, I was told the carriage waited, and in a moment more we were trundling to the station.

We were much too early for the express, after all; and I took my seat in the waiting-room, where the lamps were already lighted, and began again to watch the actors in the various dramas going on around me. Presently my husband came in. "I was going in the express," said he; "but here is Warmouth going down in an accommodation train that has been delayed, and is just making up in the dépôt. So, if you've no objection, we'll go along with him. We shall get there a little sooner, any way, I believe; and though it's not so pleasant making all the stops, yet I shall enjoy an hour with Warmouth." So out to the accommodation train we hurried.

There had been a great stockholders' excursion, or something of the sort, that had taken a large quantity of the rolling stock away, and so the accommodation train had been delayed, waiting for cars to come in, a good half hour.

"I don't know but we should have been wiser to have waited for the express, as it is," said my husband, a moment after he had seated me. "It leaves in less than fifteen minutes."

"No, indeed," said I; for we were just on the point of starting, and I had no idea of making another move till I reached home.

"Then I will go with Warmouth in the smoking-car as far as he goes," said my husband, and left me.

"Express follows in fifteen minutes: short stops and tall jumping, if you don't want to be run over!" he overheard the agent saying to the conductor as he entered the smoking-car, and with that we slid out of the dépôt. And as I glanced about me, who should be in the other half of my seat but my little neighbor at Gardner's—the vixenish beauty, with her parasol and sachel and parcels—Miss Pansy, and no other!

Miss Pansy, however, did not see me. Plainly, Don had not caught up with her; knowing nothing of the delayed accommodation train he was perhaps at this moment supposing her to be at the ladies'-room waiting for him and the express—that is, if some sudden spirit had not spurred him into such resentment and deserved indifference that he was going to let her go her own gait for the future. Her face was gloomy with impending showers, and she looked neither to right nor left. Having tired myself out of much more interest in Miss Pansy, I began to think of other things; and I was congratulating myself on our luck in catching this unexpected accommodation train, thanking goodness it had been delayed, since, having the road first, it would bring us home, after all, a good while before the express could have done—and to those who have been long absent from home, and are about approaching it, every moment seems an age—when we drew up, some four miles out, at the crossing with the Great Southwestern Trunk Railway, where an immense freight train was slowly lumbering on. It was some minutes before the long snake, indistinct in the foggy, moonlighted night, left the crossing clear for us. I heard the conductor swear as he jumped off and gave an order about lanterns at the rear—being told it was all right before we were off again.

It is a delightful sensation, that of secure luxurious travel by night, is it not? the track unrolling in the splendor of the head-light, bright as day, and without danger; all responsibility surrendered to those who have taken you in charge; the night shut out by soft light of shaded lamps, and rest and dreams invited by the bounding, breathless swiftness of the monster made your slave; by the comfortable cushions, the murmuring voices, and the soothing motion! I always think how we have realized the wonderful fables of the Magic Horse, the Wishing Carpet, and even of that ride of old Tituba's, who mounted a branch of the forest, "and was there presently." I never used to see an engine without my heart's beating with a wild, glad sense of pride and power; but now the sight ices me at every pore.

However, as I said, we were off again. An instant's stop at Easton, then shooting away into the night; a single moment at Gassoway, and careering on our path again. The next station, I remembered, was Waring—a flag station. I wondered if any one were going to leave us there. I had waked from my delightful lethargy, and was joining in a certain felt but viewless trepidation, which the whole carful had experienced when there had suddenly come upon the wind, over us, behind us, and all round about us, the tremendous scream of a whistle, not our own. "It is the express," some one cried. "It is close upon us!" Still we were aware that engineers and conductors knew their duty, and there was no cause for any alarm; and here we were, rounding the curve and rolling into Waring quite at our ease. Waring!—oh, of course, that was the town where my little neighbor Pansy belonged. It was she for whom we were stopping. She had apparently forgotten all about it, though, herself, when I touched her; and at the same moment the conductor cried:

"Waring! This way, ma'am. Make haste, if you please."

She sprang to her feet, for she was the only passenger to get off, it seemed. Of course she dropped all her bundles, and had to stay to gather them up, though I and others piled them into her arms. Then she forgot her parasol, and ran back for that—it was only a step, for we were on the very front seat—and on the platform the sachel had nothing else to do but to burst open, and out tumbled a myriad of things, which I saw the conductor swoop up in one hand as he clutched her and lifted her off with the other, while a low thunder trembled on the rails and in the air about us. It was only a minute, that delay she made—a minute and a half—but it cost a hundred lives. A mere passing moment in Pansy's life, but for a hundred people in the train she left the next moment was eternity. For in the next moment—oh, my God! never shall I forget the horror of it!—it was not a car; it was a boiling, fiery hell! A great red-hot demon, trampling over crushed bodies, filled the place and towered above us, driving before it a raft of broken beams and iron bars, trucks and rods, and hooks and stanchions, dripping with blood, with sundered limbs and quivering corpses, the thick air resounding with tortured yells and groans, and suddenly full of a fierce, white, hissing cloud of steam, that seemed to seize my very soul, just as the walls spread and the front of the car fell away, and left me whole and alive, where in another instant I was caught in my dear husband's arms. For the smoking-car and the forward ones had escaped serious injury, and save for the slight bruise received when he had been thrown to the floor on top of Warmouth, my husband was unhurt, and had only thought of me—of me, the single uninjured creature in that place. How ghastly he was! How his arms trembled! But we had no more time to think of ourselves after our first hurried exclamations. And I suppose it was from being there that I presently found myself tearing my clothes into bandages, and binding up, with others, and as I could, the horrid wounds of those less fortunate than I, who had gone under when that engine, held by a heedless driver, had crashed round the curve and into our car just as the conductor had signaled us to be off. That minute and a half—it came over me all at once like a flash of fire as I bent above a little dead child—that brief delay which never would have been at all but for the young girl's fit of passion, since save for that bringing her home at this hour no one would have gotten off the train at Waring, and we should have been bounding safely on in the distance. And it was just as I thought of it that I heard, and every body heard, one shrill shriek that rang out awfully over all the cries and calls and confusion of the place; and I saw her spring from the platform of the station, where the catastrophe had taken place before she had fairly set both feet upon it—spring into the middle of a group of men who were trying to relieve a person

on the platform of the smoking-car of the express, the train that had run us down. He was wedged between that platform and an enormous mass of timbers from the ruins of the baggage-van and tender. Nothing but his head and one arm and shoulder could be seen. The people round him were prying up the great joists, by means of such rude levers as they could command, with all their might and main.

"It's of no use," he said; "I am dying. Go to the others."

When suddenly that shriek rang out, and then I saw him look up, and saw that it was Don, and for one swift moment a smile irradiated all his face. In that moment she had clambered across the timbers, her arms were round him, she had laid his head on her breast, and his life had gone out on her lips.

They took her away, swooning, I believe; I did not think to ask what had become of her till long afterward. Indeed, I did not know, in the bewilderment of the terrible phantasmagoria swarming over my sight and consciousness, that I had seen her at all till long afterward. But I am sure that Don was a happier man to die in his youth and strength and love than to have lived and have died her husband.

It was some four or five years later that I went with my cousin, who was an overseer of the institution, into a certain hospital for the insane.

It was a sad place to visit—a place you could not visit without a miserable feeling of unwarrantable intrusion upon the privacy of souls, intrusion of infinitely more cruelty than if it had been upon any merely bodily privacy. I have had the same sensation in gazing on the face of the dead, unconscious and helpless, with its last awful secret stamped in all its lines; but here the thing was multiplied by scores of faces. There were a thousand manias rampant round me there in that asylum, some mighty and some mean. I remember one person walking like a wind, always walking, they said, never resting voluntarily the whole day long; a melancholy woman, too, who had committed the unpardonable sin, and who looked out upon all of us blissful creatures who had never done that thing with longing, wistful eyes that were fit to break your heart; and in the ward of the incurables I was arrested by sight of a face that I was confident I had seen before. The auburn hair—that crown of glory—was gone, to be sure; and though the delicate black eyebrows were there above eyes that once might have been luminous and lustrous, eyes now wide open and vacant of any light or knowledge, there was no color tinging the exquisite contour of the cheek, and from the perfect features all smiles had fled—features set in one dull mask of brooding, sullen anger. I could not say that it was Pansy; it was only her shadow. She sat motionless, with her hands in her lap, and between her set teeth there came at times a long, low, hissing breath, in jets.

"Poor thing!" said the doctor beside me. "Poor child! there is no hope of her. She will have her release before long. If it were not so shocking I would tell you that she has a laughable mania too. Do you know, she fancies herself the valve of a steam-engine! I doubt if she ever sleeps; and all day and all night long at intervals in this gallery you can hear that little hiss of the escaping steam."

As I looked at her I could not help my tears, indeed. It might be laughable to the doctor, accustomed and case-hardened; but to me the child was expiating the thoughtless taking of a hundred lives.

NORTH CAROLINA.

We give on page 316 two characteristic illustrations of life in the backwoods of North Carolina. The first shows the interior of a country store, where on market-days the poor whites and negroes go to dispose of the products of their industry, if their indolent shifts to pick up a living deserve the name. In the second our artist depicts a party of emigrants halting for their noonday rest and meal. In many parts of North Carolina, where railroads are still unknown, and the highways are little better than trails, the emigrant wagons may be daily seen drawn slowly and toilsomely through the dust or mud. As they move at a snail's pace, and go long distances, they are fitted up with every appliance for camp life—pans, pails, dishes, ropes, axes, etc. The party in our sketch have stopped to rest beside one of the cool springs which form so pleasant a feature of the mountain regions of North Carolina. The men in their grotesque costume, broad-brimmed straw hats and butternut suits, and the women, though dressed in slinky calico and sun-bonnets, offer good subjects for a picture.

MR. A. B. HENDERSON.

A short time since we gave some account of the outlaws of Robeson County, North Carolina, with a number of illustrations showing their way of life and some of their startling adventures. This week, on page 317, we give the portrait of the enterprising and daring correspondent of the New York *Herald*, to whose graphic letters the public is indebted for an inside view of the home of these desperadoes. Mr. Henderson went among them, armed with nothing but a small revolver, which would have been about as effective as a pop-gun had the Lowerys proved hostile, and frankly told them his object in invading their haunts. Having satisfied them that he was not a spy, and that he would not reveal their hiding-places to the authorities, he was allowed to remain several days among them unmolested, and gather materials for his correspondence. It was a romantic and daring feat of interviewing, which is not likely to be repeated.

SIR CHARLES DILKE.

This gentleman, whose attempt to introduce into Parliament a resolution of inquiry into the expenses of the Crown occasioned the recent disgraceful riot in the House of Commons, is the eldest son of the late Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, and was born in 1843. He was educated at Cambridge, and was admitted to the bar, although he has never practiced in his profession. Having abundant wealth and leisure, he has been a great traveler, and has written a very interesting account of his journey round the world under the title of "Greater Britain." He is a fluent and pleasant speaker. We give his portrait on page 317.

The better class of English papers, even those which do not sympathize with his republican tendencies, strongly condemn the manner in which the House of Commons prevented him from being heard in defense of his resolution. The London *Spectator* thus characterizes the scene:

"The riot was a most discreditable one. When Mr. A. Herbert rose to second Sir Charles Dilke, the Tories, instead of quietly not attending, resolved to stop him, and for an hour and a quarter yelled, shouted, screamed, hissed, crowed like cocks, brayed, and made animals of themselves in every possible way. Four efforts to count out were made, but stopped by government, which wanted a division; and at length Lord E. Cecil 'saw strangers' and expelled the reporters, not to prevent their reporting so disgraceful a scene, but to stop Mr. Herbert, who, however, stood out the storm as obstinately as his ancestor stood out Lord George Gordon. The whole business, had it occurred in the French Assembly, would have furnished an argument for recalling Napoleon III., and in America would have been quoted to discredit a republic. The new Speaker appears to have rather failed in his duty, permitting the riot to go on without arresting the school-boys who led it, and disregarding even an appeal from Mr. Dodson, who was scandalized by the cock-crowing, only remarking that 'he had never been so pained,' and this after he had decided, in reply to Viscount Bury, that Sir Charles Dilke had a right to make his motion."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the meeting of the American Philosophical Society on the 16th of February last, Professor Cope read a paper on *Bathmodon*, a new genus of extinct hoofed animals, with the teeth having the characters both of ruminants and pachyderms. The size was equal to that of the rhinoceros. A second animal was also described as the *Loxophodon semicinctus*, quite similar to in its general character and about as large as a tapir.

At the meeting on the 1st of March Professor Cope described two new species of *Ornithosauria*, or of pterodactyls. These belong to the genus *Ornithochirus*, and one of the species he states to be the most gigantic of the group, the spread of the wings probably measuring fully twenty-five feet. He also described some species of *Protostega*, an extinct tortoise of the cretaceous formation of Kansas, somewhat similar to *Sphargis*, and one of them the largest known marine turtle.

A new fossil reptile from the cretaceous strata of Kansas has just been described by Professor Cope under the name of *Cynocercus incisus*. The peculiarity of this reptile consists in having the articular faces of the vertebræ deeply excavated above and below, so as to give them a transverse character. A new crocodilian from the same region was also described, under the name of *Hyposaurus webbii*.

In a paper by Professor Cope upon the *Pythonomorpha*, or Python-like fossil saurians of the cretaceous formation of Kansas, presented to the Academy of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, he shows that America is the home of this group, four species only having been described from Europe. Forty-two North American species are already known, of which fifteen belong to the greensand formation of New Jersey, seven to the limestone region of Alabama, seventeen to the chalk of Kansas, and three to other localities. Of the Kansas species, six are described as new by Professor Cope in the paper referred to.

Some of our readers may remember the letter written by Professor Agassiz to Professor Peirce in December, 1871, just before starting upon the *Hassler* expedition, in which he announced beforehand the general nature of the discoveries that he expected to make. His ability to make these predictions with any degree of certainty was much questioned by those who were not familiar with the method of research in natural history, and of the almost mathematical nature of the inferences to be derived from certain given premises.

We now have a second letter addressed to Professor Peirce, written at Pernambuco on the 16th of January, giving an account of experiences up to that date, which go far toward showing that the professor really knew of what he was speaking in the first instance. Owing to various adverse influences, among them the necessity of hastening with all possible dispatch to reach the Straits of Magellan at the earliest possible date, only four hauls of the dredge were made in water of any great depth, those being at depths of from 75 to 120 fathoms off Barbadoes. The results of these were in the highest degree satisfactory, however, "the extent and variety of material obtained being enough to occupy," in the professor's words, "half a dozen competent zoologists for a whole year, if the specimens could be kept fresh for that length of time."

As anticipated by the professor in the letter referred to, the most interesting discoveries were certain forms of animals, the allies of which had previously been known in greater part or entirely as fossils of older formations. Among these may be mentioned a remarkable sponge, a crinoid very much like *Rhizorinus*, a living *Pleurotomaria*, only three having been previously known, although a great many are described as fossil, etc. The crinoid, especially, is one of the very few living representatives of what was originally the prevailing character of the marine fauna of the silurian and other epochs; and while now they occur only in the very deepest water, they were formerly found crowded in the shallower seas. The inquiry, therefore, suggested itself to the professor as to the reason of this difference, and he makes the suggestion that in the progress of the earth's growth we may look to such displacement of conditions favorable to maintaining certain low types as may recall most fully the adaptation to former ages, and that the deeper waters of the present constitution of our globe possibly approximate the conditions of animal life in the shallow seas of former ages as nearly as any thing can, in the present order of things on the earth. The depth of the ocean alone, he thinks, can place animals under the high pressure which the heavier atmosphere of the earlier period afforded. But as such pressure can not be a favorable condition for the development of life, it is to be expected that the lower forms only will occur in the deep seas.

Other causes acting in the same direction are, the decrease of light in the greater depths, the smaller amount of free oxygen, the reduced amount and smaller variety of nutritive substances, etc. He does not think, however, that facts warrant the conclusion that any of the animals now living are lineal descendants of those of the earlier ages, nor that we may justly assume that the cretaceous formation is still extant, notwithstanding the similarity of forms. It would be just as true to nature to say that the tertiary period is exhibited in the tropics on account of the similarity of the miocene mammalia and those of the torrid zone.

It is well known that the statistics published by the French government in regard to the fisheries of the country are very detailed and extremely accurate, in this respect far exceeding those of any other nation. Both the English and Americans are very much behind them in this matter, rendering it extremely difficult to obtain the necessary data for judging of the actual importance and absolute value of the trade carried on in this connection. In a recent number of the *Revue Maritime et Coloniale* we find a report of the maritime fisheries of the French for 1870, from which we learn that about 12,000 men were engaged in the cod-fisheries during the year, of whom 7000 were in the waters of Newfoundland and 5000 in those of Iceland. The shore fisheries employed over 57,000 men and 31,000 women and children, making the total number of persons occupied 101,594. During the same period 188 vessels were employed in the Newfoundland fisheries, and 299 in those of Iceland, while the shore fisheries required 17,110, or a total of 17,597. The tonnage of the vessels engaged in the cod-fisheries amounted to about 56,000 tons, and that of all of them together to 150,127 tons. These figures exhibit a slight reduction from those of 1869, due, of course, to the disturbance of popular industries caused by the Franco-German war. The total value of the products of the sea for 1870 was estimated at about $12,000,000.

An international polytechnic exhibition is announced to be held at Moscow on the celebration of the two hundredth birthday of Peter the Great.

The death is announced at Belfast, on the 14th of February, of Mr. Robert Patterson, well known for his efforts to popularize natural history, and for the success with which his various text-books have been used in accomplishing this object. His first paper was one on the insects mentioned in Shakspeare's plays, published in 1838; and in 1840 appeared one on natural history as a branch of general education in schools and colleges. His most important works, however, were "Zoology for the Use of Schools," and "First Steps in Zoology," which appeared in Constable's Educational Series about 1848, and went through several successive editions, being revised from time to time to suit advanced knowledge, and reprinted in the United States. He was seventy years of age at the time of his death.

The winter herring-fishery at Yarmouth, in England, which closed at the end of January, is said to have been one of the largest ever known in that part of the world, 240,000,000 having been landed at the fish wharf in the town. Estimating that four herrings weigh one pound, we have 60,000,000 pounds, or about 30,000 tons of flesh, and equivalent to over 70,000 bullocks, taking these at their average weight. The value of this amount of food, so cheaply obtained, is, of course, almost incalculable, as it was sold at one-fourth the price of beef, and is in some respects superior to it as an article of diet; as, while beef has more carbon to the pound, the herring has more nitrogen, and is, therefore, more valuable as a producer of bone, muscle, and brain.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In a recent report of Dr. Morris, City Sanitary Inspector, he endeavors to correct some errors which seem to exist in the public mind with regard to the removal to the hospital of patients suffering with small-pox. Many cases of this contagious disease have been concealed from the health authorities of the city by friends, and even by physicians, who were under the impression that every patient must be taken to the hospital. This is not the fact. The removal is not enforced when circumstances are such that the patient can have proper care at home, and the public be secured from contamination by his perfect isolation. The health officers are bound to consider each case carefully, and use their best judgment as to the necessity of removal. If the public would be endangered, the individual must yield to the paramount rights of the many. It is said that a larger proportion of those who go to the hospital with this disease recover than of those who are secreted in their own homes. Doubtless proper medical treatment in a well-ventilated hospital would favor recovery far more than to be hidden away in some shut-up room of a private house. There should be more hospitals for diseases of this kind, and they should be so arranged and so managed as to give no possible ground for the fear and horror which, in the minds of multitudes, hang around the very idea of removal to them.

Applications for passports for foreign travel now average at the State Department in Washington about thirty daily. Occasionally there have been as many as sixty in one day.

Seldom has there been a more blustering, stormy March than that to which we have gladly said good-by. The great snow-blockade of the season occurred in Maine during the latter part of this "spring month," interfering very seriously with travel on the European and North American Railway. London was enveloped in snow-storms and darkness at noonday. At Halifax it is said that snow fell almost every day in the month. Every where the season is backward; and though April brings more genial breezes, who can tell when we should cease to expect snow-squalls?

Some curious mistakes have occurred since the members of the House of Representatives at Washington changed their seats a few weeks ago. Of course, after the "drawing" for seats, the printed diagrams or directories of the house were wholly incorrect. Nevertheless unwary newspaper correspondents coming to the city availed themselves of the directory of former seats, and gave novel descriptions of noted members, confidently asserting that previously printed descriptions of their personnel were not true to life.

Russia, in a friendly way, has expressed its wish to Prussia that the evacuation of France should be hastened. France appreciates this suggestion. The Parisians are also pleased at the delicacy of feeling shown by the Russians residing in Paris in toning down the wonted magnificence and magnitude of their winter *fêtes*, which would else have ill accorded with the general tendency of Parisian life, which is somewhat subdued and serious.

In February a sale of rare books and manuscripts took place in Paris. Among them was an illuminated Gothic edition of the Bible, of the fourteenth century, bound—strange as it may seem—in human skin, with gold clasps set with turquoises. Ordinary parchment will turn yellow, but the human skin is said to preserve its whiteness forever. This Bible is beautifully embossed with flowers and various devices. One other similar binding exists—a copy of the "Imitation of Christ"—now in the Carmelite Library at Paris.

Not long since the measles broke out among the Ute Indians, who are of the mountain tribes of Utah, Colorado, and Northern Mexico. The papooses died, and the medicine man was in demand. Incantations and drum-beating did not mitigate the disease, and finally the chief of the tribe demanded of the Indian doctor why he did not stop it. In vain the poor fellow attributed it to the dissatisfaction of the Great Spirit at some irregularities of the Utes; in vain he redoubled his incantations and monkey dances: the papooses still died rapidly. At last the chiefs "held a smoke," and concluded that the medicine man was no good, and at sunrise one fine morning they led him out just back of the camping ground and shot him.

The various offices of the Treasury Department at Washington are to be furnished—as they are needed—with carpets of a new pattern, with the monogram "U. S. T." The design is very neat and "appropriate."

Reports indicate that Chicago is being rebuilt with unwise and unsafe haste. Energy and enthusiasm are invaluable qualities, but there is a haste which is "waste." Buildings should be stable and fire-proof as far as possible. Yet it is said that frame buildings are rapidly going up in Chicago; and not only so, but many of them are constructed of unseasoned wood, and, of course, soon will become unstable.

Vapor baths are the latest remedy for hydrophobia. A celebrated French physician says: "If the disorder has declared itself, I prescribe a single bath, and leave the patient in until a cure is effected. Hydrophobia may last three days. Experience has proved to me that a cure is certain on the first day of the outbreak; on the second day, doubtful; on the third, hopeless, on account of the difficulty of conveying the patient to the bath and keeping him in. And as hydrophobia never breaks out before the seventh day, there is time to perform a long journey to obtain a bath."

The first appearance of the Prince of Wales since his illness in an open carriage in the Park was an occasion of much interest to his prospective subjects. The Princess of Wales accompanied him, and drove in a way which proved that she had lost none of her skill as a mistress of the reins. The reception of their Royal Highnesses was most hearty, ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and gentlemen raising their hats. The Prince appeared exceedingly delighted with the demonstration of respect. He bowed his acknowledgments so continuously that for nearly half an hour his head remained uncovered. He was closely muffled up, notwithstanding the mildness of the day, and he looked fatigued on reaching Marlborough House. He was lifted into a chair as soon as he had alighted from the carriage, and carried up stairs. His leg is so weak and swollen that he walks with extreme difficulty, yet his medical advisers feel no anxiety as to his condition, and predict that he will soon recover the entire use of the disabled limb.

Judge Campbell, in an address recently delivered to the Senior Class of the Law Department of the University of Michigan, gives some excellent advice to young lawyers, which it would not be amiss for many older lawyers to study. He counsels them not to attempt to get business by sacrificing honor, or becoming a party in any conspiracy to defraud the community. Integrity before fees, is the substance of the motto he gives his class.

"Music and Morals," recently published by the Messrs. Harper, discourses sensibly—among many other topics—upon "People who play the Piano." We make a few brief quotations:

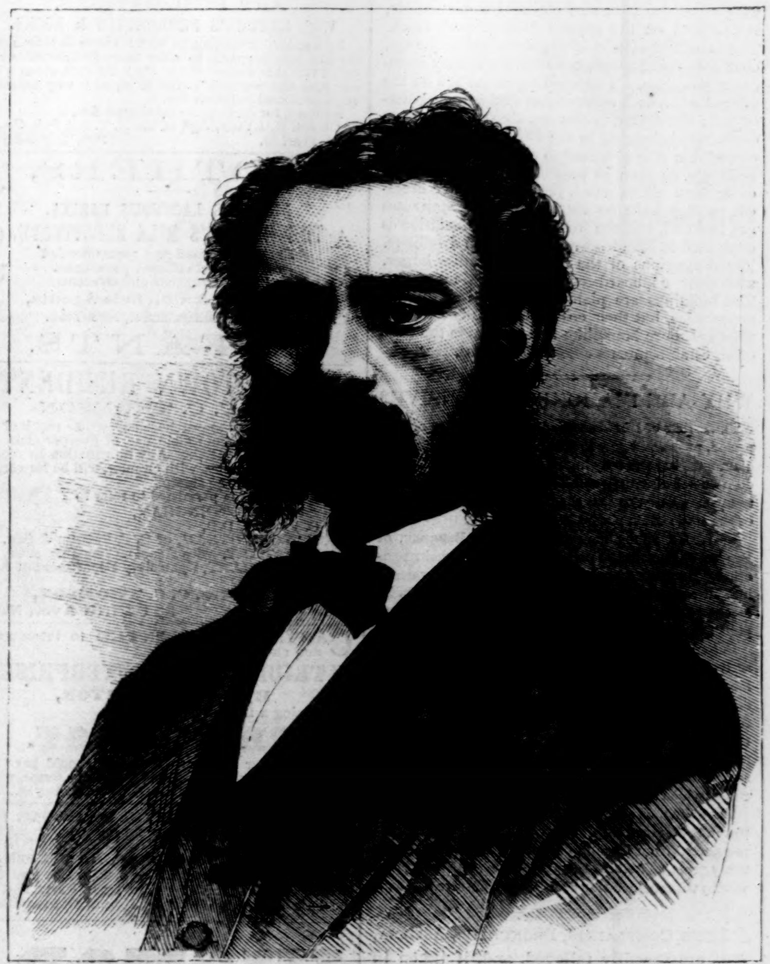
"Most young ladies play the piano as an accomplishment. A girl's education is as much based on the piano-forte as a boy's is on the Latin grammar, and too often with similar results. A girl without musical tastes objects to Mozart, as a boy without a classical turn hates Cæsar....By all means let every girl begin by learning the piano. Such a chance for gaining a sympathetic companion for life should never be thrown away. Even to the unmusical girl it is valuable as a training, and to the musical girl its value is beyond price....But if a person is not musical, piano-forte instruction, after a certain point, is only waste of time. As a general rule, musical talent develops early, or not at all....Why should not the girl try drawing, or painting, or literary composition? Why should the money be spent on her music, when she has, perhaps, shown some other gift? Many a girl with real literary or artistic taste has achieved excellence in nothing because her energies have been concentrated upon the piano, which she will never be able to play, or upon songs which are just as well left unsung. How many there are who would fain be spared the humiliation of exposing their weak points! The piano is a source of trouble to them and their friends. They cry over their music lessons, their friends groan over the result, and it is difficult to say which is the worst off—the professor who has to teach, the pupil who has to learn, or the people who have to listen. But the cause of music suffers most of all."

INTERIOR OF A COUNTRY STORE.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun., from a Sketch by Miss Mary L. Stone.]

THE EMIGRANTS' NOONDAY HALT.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun., from a Sketch by Miss Mary L. Stone.]

NORTH CAROLINA SKETCHES.—[See Page 315.]

SIR CHARLES DILKE.
[See Page 315.]



A. B. HENDERSON, "HERALD" CORRESPONDENT WITH THE "SWAMP ANGELS."
Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 315.]

PEABODY SQUARE, LONDON.

Peabody Square, recently erected for the Peabody trustees, consists of sixteen blocks of buildings, inclosing two quadrangles communicating with each other. It is situated on the site of the old Magdalen Hospital, on the west side of Blackfriars Road. All the blocks are alike in construction and arrangement. They are four stories high, containing ten rooms on each story. These are distributed in dwellings of one, two, and three rooms, giving a total of 384 dwellings and 640 rooms. The living-rooms measure 13 feet by 11 feet, and the bedrooms average 13 feet by 9 feet, with a height of 8 feet 2 inches from floor to ceiling. The former contain the cooking-range, with boiler, oven, and hot-plate; they are provided with cupboards, shelves, and meat-safes. Some are provided with coal-boxes, others have coal-stores in the adjacent sculleries. There are two sculleries on each floor, containing water-closet, sink, and water supply; also a dust-hopper communicating with dust-cellar in the basement, to which access is

PEABODY SQUARE MODEL DWELLINGS, LONDON.

obtained by an interior staircase. A bath-room, with enameled bath and plentiful water supply, is provided on the ground-floor of each block. The laundries consist of two detached buildings, each containing accommodation for twenty washers at one time. The washing-rooms are on the ground-floor, with water-closet and wringing-machines; the drying-rooms are above. A portion of the site belonging to the trustees is still unoccupied, but it is proposed to cover it with similar buildings as soon as possible. These buildings differ from others which the trustees have erected, as they have no corridors. The staircases are inclosed, and the washing accommodation is contained in laundries apart from the dwellings. The dimensions of the rooms are rather larger, and their cupboard convenience is increased. The buildings are plainer and less imposing in appearance, but their cost is materially less, and they are more home-like and agreeable than the other establishments erected by the trustees.

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THE artists of Hindostan and China, at a very remote period, probably knew the art of cutting and polishing diamonds, but the only material they used was Corundum—earth alumina—and their appliances were of extreme simplicity, so that the peculiar beauty and value of the stone could not be brought out.

In 1456 a young man named LOUIS BERGHEU, of Bruges, endeavored to polish one diamond against another. He made a partial success, sufficient to warrant him in constructing a polishing wheel, on which, by means of diamond powder, he was enabled to cut and polish the stone, as other gems are by emery.

Before this time diamonds were set precisely as they arrived from the mines. Such is the demand for skilled labor to polish the many small stones which are constantly found, that the expense of preparing the stones for the market is greatly enhanced, while at the same time the raw material has risen greatly in price at the mines. Then, again, one-half of the rough diamonds are destroyed by cutting and polishing. These are the causes which make diamonds command so large a price.

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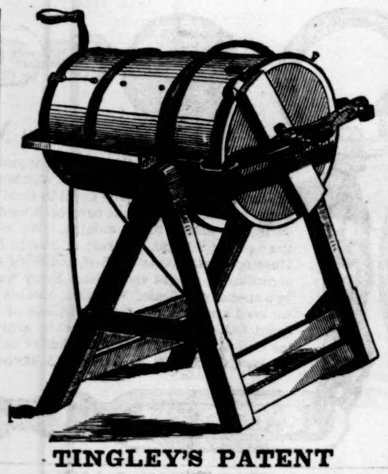

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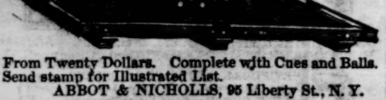

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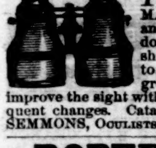

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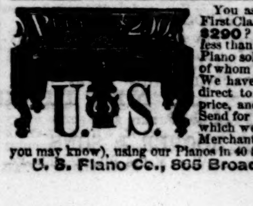

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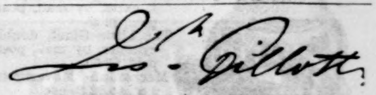

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